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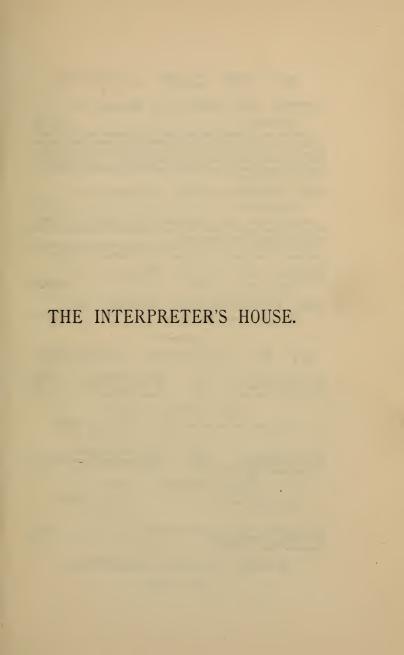
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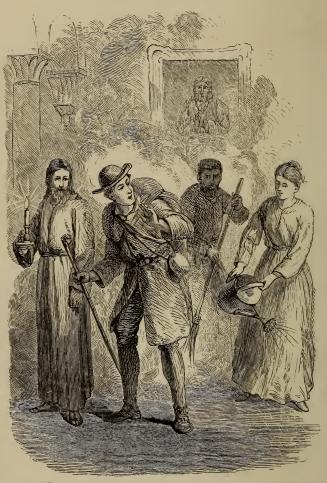


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I. H.

THE

INTERPRETER'S HOUSE;

OR,

SERMONS TO CHILDREN.

BY

WM. WILBERFORCE NEWTON, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE AND WISE," AND "THE WICKET-GATE."

1315



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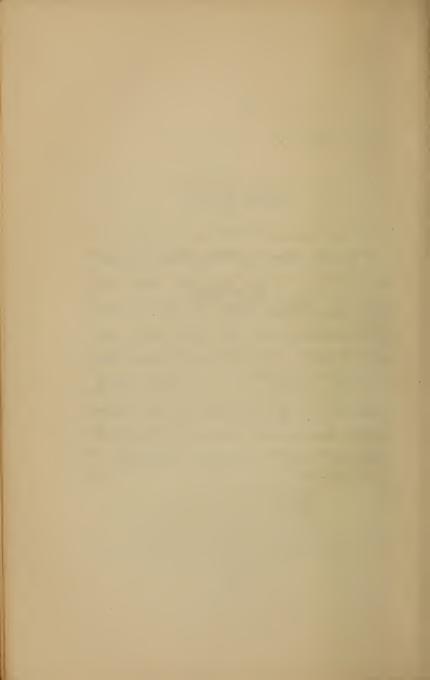
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PREFACE.

"So the other told him, that by that he was gone some distance from the gate, he would come at the house of the Interpreter; at whose door he should knock, and he would show him excellent things. . . . Then went Christian on, till he came to the house of the Interpreter, where he knocked over and over."—Pilgrim's Progress.



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I.

The Interpreter's Youse.



THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE.

"He shall take of mine, and shall show it unto you."—St. John xvi. 15.

T is very wonderful how our thoughts are clothed in words. First we think of a thing in our mind, but no one knows what we are thinking about; then we speak the thought out in words, and people hear us, but if they do not understand our language, they will not know what we are saying. So, then, to understand a person's thoughts, words must be spoken in a language common to both people.

Now this whole question of languages is a very strange one. It is so hard to have one's head full of thoughts, and then not to be able to make other people understand what you mean. I have seen English and American people, away up at the springs of St. Moritz in Switzerland, trying to carry on a conversation with the man at the spring who could only talk Italian and German.

I have stood by and listened, and laughed to myself as I have heard all this talk going on. It sounded just like Chinese pigeon-English.

- "Not muchee water to-day."
- "Where is my leetle glass?"
- "What do you say?"
- "I don't know what you mean."
- "Hey?"
- "What does the fellow mean?"
- "Bother on the man, why don't he talk English! There now, pump me some more water."
 - "Where is the bath man?"
- "Dear me! Dear me! Hold up! Stop! Stop, I tell you!
 - "I don't understand a word you say!"

That is the kind of talk one hears in a foreign country, where people have no language which is common to their minds. Their thoughts are all right, and are clear enough in their heads; the trouble is they want a common language to interpret their thoughts. A great gulf is fixed between people's minds; and though each would try to get to the other and help them, they are as far apart as the rich man was from Lazarus, or as the people were at the tower of Babel, when the confusion of languages came upon them, and thus because they could not understand each other, they were compelled to leave off building their city.

It is only human beings which have this gift of language. Parrots and jackdaws and ravens talk; but then they can not carry on a conversation. They don't think over what they say. They talk just what they are taught, as the little finches are taught the notes of certain songs. Here in the bird show in Boston, some time ago, there were a number of these birds which talked wonderfully well. There was one big red Macaw, who would put his head to one side, and seemed to understand what you said, and made some wonderful answers.

But then he swore badly, and talked in French, and sometimes he jabbered away in a language of his own so that no one could understand him.

What we all need then, when we can not understand the thoughts or the words of another, is an interpreter; some one who will tell our thoughts to the other one, and will translate his meaning to us. All the great voyagers and discoverers in the world have had interpreters with them to explain the language of the people on whose shores they landed. Captain John Smith had his interpreters among the Indians in the English colony at Jamestown in Virginia. Sir Walter Raleigh had his interpreters when he was roughing it in North Carolina. Pizarro when he conquered the Inca of Peru, and Cortez when he captured the empire of Mexico, had their interpreters with them, to translate their thoughts in the Spanish language into the language of these South American nations. And Marco Polo and Vasco De Gama and Magellan, the great discoverers, always had their interpreters along with them, so that they might know all about the different countries they were in.

Blind people read and interpret books by the use of raised block letters, by which they feel the shape of the letters, and in this way learn to read with their fingers. Dumb people understand each other's thoughts by the use of their fingers. They have a sign language which interprets their meaning to them. Here in St. Paul's Church once a month there is a service for deaf and dumb people, and the minister conducts the worship by means of signs. He makes all sorts of strange figures and gestures with his hands, and the people, simply by watching him, understand the service.

And then there are some things which are common interpreters to us, though our languages may be different. No matter in what country we may be, and hear foreign languages spoken, it always sounds natural to hear a dog barking in the night, or a cock crowing in the morning. We always

know what animals mean by their voices. We always know what a baby means when it cries. Something is going wrong, and, though the mother of the child may be French or German or Italian, we can always interpret the child's cry because the cry reveals the baby's wants. And then too the language of music is a common language. An orchestra might be composed of performers who spoke twenty separate languages, and yet the sheet of music before each player interprets to the man the notes to be played.

And now to come to our subject, we find that the Spirit of God, or God the Holy Ghost, is the great Interpreter of God to us. God the Father is like the hidden thought in the mind. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was called by St. John, the Word of God: He was God's hidden thought of love to us spoken forth or revealed to us, as a word reveals a thought. God the Holy Ghost is the Interpreter both of God the Father and of Jesus Christ the word or revealed thought

of God. St. John says of Jesus, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." And in our text to-day, Jesus says, speaking of the Holy Spirit, the Interpreter —the one who knows both hearts: the heart of God and the heart of man: the one who knows both languages: the language of heaven and the language of earth-"He shall take of mine and shall show it unto you." This means that the Holy Spirit will be like an interpreter who understands both languages. He will explain God to us and will explain our thoughts and words and wishes to God.

For instance, here is a violin. It is a wonderful instrument, and the most beautiful music can be brought out of it. And here is a sheet of difficult music. Here is a flute, and there is a harp, and on the music-stand there is some written music. Suppose now, three of us who don't know one note from another, should try to play these in-

struments. One of us draws the bow across the violin, another one blows the flute, and a third strums away on the harp. We make noises, but we don't make music. We don't know how to read the music, and so we can not interpret the violin and flute and harp. We can not make them tell us any thing. But here comes Ole Bull, or Remenyi, the great violinists, with a flute-player and a harpist. They make the most beautiful music, where we were only making dreadful noises before. They can read the notes; they take of the things of the great musical composers and show them unto us. They translate those black notes to us and tell us what they mean.

Or let us take another case. Perhaps you have heard of the story of William Tell, the Swiss patriot. Some people say there never was such a man; but I believe there must have been some such hero in Switzerland, for the place is filled with stories about him. Well, the Austrians under the cruel tyrant Gessler had conquered the Swiss. William

Tell lived on the beautiful lake of Lucerne, the lake of the four cantons, as it is called, with Mount Rigi and Mount Pilate looking down on the lake, with all those beautiful mountains around them. The spirit of liberty was in those mountains, and the Swiss peasants could not help trying to be free. Bonfires were lighted on the mountain-peaks, to call the clans together, and William Tell shot Gessler the tyrant, as he was trying to capture him again, after his escape from the boat, at that spot on the lake where Tell's Chapel now stands. Then Arnold of Unterwalden, and Fürst of Uri, and Stauffacher of Schwytz, bound their three cantons together in a solemn league and covenant; and at last, after a series of wars lasting one hundred and fifty years, the Austrians were driven out and Switzerland became free, and for a long time was the only republic in Europe!

Children, what made those sturdy peasants free? Why would they not be slaves? It was because the spirit of liberty was in

those rugged Alpine mountains. The eagles were free, and the wild chamois, or mountain goats, were free, and the people who lived in such a free country never could become slaves. The spirit of liberty which nestled on those snowy heights, took of the things of liberty and showed them to the Swiss. The air was free, the mountains were free, the wild birds were free, and all this freedom was translated or explained every day, by the sights and sounds around them to these Swiss patriots. Nature was their teacher, or interpreter.

And in this same way the Spirit of God is our great Teacher and Interpreter. He explains God's truths to us, as the violinist explains the sheet of music, or as the mountains taught the Swiss liberty. He takes of the things of God and shows them or explains them to us.

In the story of "Pilgrim's Progress," which gives us the name to these series of sermons, after Christian had entered in at the wicketgate, and was well started on his way to the

Celestial City, he came to the Interpreter's House. The Interpreter lighted a candle and began to show him all the wonderful things in his house. It was just like a museum. You must read all about it for yourselves in your own copy of "Pilgrim's Progress." Here he saw a man sweeping and making a great dust, and he saw two little children named Patience and Passion, and a man in an iron cage, and another man buckling on his armor, and fighting his way through a crowd of persons who were opposing him. And then, too, in the second part of the story, when Christiana came along with Mercy and the boys, following in the steps of Christian her husband, the party stopped at the Interpreter's House and saw many things which were wonderful,-such as the man with the muck-rake, and the ugly black spider, and the hen and chickens which called to each other, and the butcher killing the sheep, and the pretty robin eating a spider, and the garden with the flowers and trees in it.

What John Bunyan meant to teach by all this part of his story was simply this,—
That the Interpreter's House came next after the wicket-gate in the Christian life; or, in other words, that after we were started right for heaven, we must be taught by the Spirit of God. And that is why he represented the Interpreter as going about and explaining all these curiosities to the pilgrims. He meant to show us that the Holy Spirit must be our teacher or interpreter. He must explain God's things to us, as our Lord had said, "He shall take of mine and shall show it unto you."

Every school is like the Interpreter's House. There we learn all about the things of this life, and gain the knowledge which is necessary to carry us along on our journey. Our teachers, if they are true teachers, are interpreters. They explain history and geography and chemistry, and show us all sorts of experiments in philosophy. They ought not merely to stuff us with bits of knowledge on purpose to hear us repeat these

same things by rote, as the German birdfanciers teach their finches to sing bits of
song. I was struck with this the other day
when I was travelling in the cars. I was
reading from time to time in some papers
and magazines which I had with me, when
I was amused by hearing the conversation
of my fellow travellers in the seat next to
me. A tall, thin, maiden lady, about sixtyfive years old, had charge of a timid little
girl of eight years, and was evidently taking her away to improve her mind on a
vacation. The little girl had a doll and
a picture book, neither of which she was
allowed to play with.

"Now, Amanda," said her elderly teacher, "put away that trifling picture book and enjoy the beauties of the scenery. Now you must have your mind improved. That is why I am going with you."

"But I want to read," replied Amanda.

"No, Amanda," said her care-taker, "you shall not read. I am going with you to improve your mind. Your mind must be

improved; you must have a profitable time. Observe that lovely view in the foreground—a fine old farm-house. What does foreground mean? Don't you know? I am surprised. Foreground means the view nearest to us. Then see that beautiful lake. What is a lake, Amanda? Can't you define a lake? A body of what?"

"Water," said Amanda.

"Yes," replied her teacher, "a body of water entirely surrounded by land. You see the land goes entirely around it."

"Never mind, child," replied the elderly care-taker, "a pond and a lake are the same thing; a pond is only a little lake. Now, Amanda," she continued, "look at that fertile valley in the distance with the succulent corn and the granular wheat. Succulent means juicy, and granular indicates the grain-like nature of the wheat field. How can you want to play with your doll while passing through such scenery? Why will you not use your eyes, Amanda? What

were your eyes given to you for? See that farmer with his cart. No doubt he is going to the mill. What is a mill, Amanda? What? do not know what a mill is? Why this is too bad! I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself. I think it is high time some one took you in hand to try and improve your mind. Are you not glad you are going away with me to have a good time?"

And poor Amanda looked any thing but glad.

Now, my dear children, that woman was no true interpreter or teacher. That ride in the cars would never bring poor little Amanda to the Interpreter's House, that true school, full of curiosities and delights and fresh wonders, such as the Interpreter showed to the weary pilgrims, when they knocked at its portals over and over again "and saw there many excellent things." That teacher couldn't translate the pond and the mill and the farmer's cart to poor little Amanda. She couldn't take of the things around

her and show them to the little girl. She didn't know how to get at the child's heart. Amanda's world and Amanda's language were a world and a language she did not know and could not explain or translate.

Now, then, how does the Spirit of God teach us? How is it that the Holy Spirit is the true Interpreter between our souls and God?

I answer,—the Spirit of God, the Holy Spirit, is the true Interpreter—

T.

Because he translates God's thoughts to us. God is holy, and he lives in eternity, not in time as we do. The prophet Isaiah says in one place, "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." This means that though God is in heaven and we upon earth, that he, nevertheless, can be taken in by us and can

be said to dwell in our minds, as a lesson in history or a rule in grammar can be said to inhabit our minds, when once we have learned them. God dwells in heaven, among the stars and the angels, and with worlds and living beings about him, which we never, never can take in. Go out on some clear night and look up at the vault of heaven: see the stars and the systems and the planets and the milky way. They are all worlds, and are no doubt teeming with life. God has made them. God has revealed himself to his children in them; God is in them as he is here in this world and life of ours. But how could we know that the God who made these worlds is the same God who gave us the Bible and sent to us his Son Jesus Christ,—the word of God, the manifestation of God's thoughts, —unless the Spirit of God inspired men of God to write the Bible, and inspired us with faith and hope and zeal to believe? The poet Cowper says in that hymn we all know,-

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

There are some things which we do naturally, and there are other things which we must learn to do. We walk, we eat, we sleep naturally. But we do not play the piano, or know spelling or arithmetic naturally. We have to learn these things, and the truly great man is the man who is learning all the time.

One time when he was in the Coliseum wandering about, Cardinal Farnese discovered the great genius, Michael Angelo, walking alone amid the ruins.

"Why," said the cardinal, "what are you doing, Angelo? I have watched you here for nearly an hour studying out these ruins. What need have you to study?"

"Why, I go to school all the time, that I may continue to learn," was the great architect's reply.

And so it ought to be with us in learn-

ing about God. Some things we know naturally about him; but in order to know the truth about God's will, and what he wants of us, we have to go to the Bible, and pray for God's Spirit to teach us its true meaning. When we want to know any thing well, we must give ourselves up to learn; we must put our minds upon it, and we must have a competent teacher to instruct us.

A good many years ago, there was a wonderful story written about slave life in the South. You may have heard of it or read it. It is called "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There was a thoughtless, rattle-brained little slave girl described in it called Topsy. One Sunday afternoon, Miss Ophelia, her mistress, had her come up into the parlor to say her catechism. Topsy had a good memory and had learned to say her catechism very rapidly, without stopping to think about the meaning of the words, just as a jackdaw or a parrot learns the sentences repeated to them. Miss Ophelia took no pains to instruct Topsy in the meaning of the words, and so Topsy,

after saying, "Our first parents fell from the state wherein they were created," continued, "I say, Miss Ophelia, was dat ar state Kentuck?"

"What state, Topsy?" replied Miss Ophelia.

"Why, dat ar state they fell out," replied the little slave. "I used to hear massa say we all come from the state of Kentuck!"

Miss Ophelia wasn't a true interpreter or teacher to poor little Topsy. She did not realize Topsy's ignorance, and therefore she could not translate rightly the truths of the Bible to her. She could not take of the things of God, and show them to the poor little slave, who thought the word state always meant the state of Kentucky.

I remember a little boy in Sunday school, who told his teacher that he understood every thing about the resurrection, excepting one thing.

"What is that?" asked his teacher.

"Why," replied the little fellow, "I don't see how the Roman soldiers made that seal stay on the tomb."

You know St. Matthew tells us that the soldiers "made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch"; and the boy thought they put a seal or sea-lion on the tomb to guard it. He had just seen a seal at an aquarium. The word "seal" didn't translate his thought of what a seal was.

There are a great many truths in the Bible which we do not realize when we are young, but which all come out to us as true when we grow older. You know there is such a thing as chemical writing on certain kinds of paper which can not be seen in the sunlight; but when you bring it near the fire, and the paper becomes warm, then the red writing all comes out to the light. I have made this chemical writing many a time with a chemical box I had when I was a boy. And in this same way God writes his truths in our hearts, and by and by, when we get out in the heat of life, with its cares and trials and temptations, God's writing comes out to the light. The Spirit of God interprets the truths of God to us. He takes of the things of God and shows them unto us.

I wonder how many of you children have read Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," with all those stories of Scottish history? I remember reading them and wondering about Bruce and Douglas and the Red Comyn and Holyrood Palace and Stirling Castle. But when I went to Scotland and saw all these places, then the places explained the events, and interpreted or explained the history to me.

And just so it is, my dear children, with the truth of God as it is revealed to us in the Bible. As we grow older in life, and get near to the trials and difficulties and temptations described to us in the word of God, we feel the truthfulness of the Bible, as it tells us about God and heaven and our way of escape from sin. And this is the first thing the Holy Spirit does,—he explains God and the truth of God to us.

II.

And then, secondly, the Holy Spirit is the true Interpreter between our souls and God, because he translates our needs to God.

In the history of ancient Rome, there is a story about the wars of the Sabines with the Romans. The Sabines, who lived near Rome, came once upon a time to try and conquer it; but they could not get into the city. The Romans defended the walls and towers and barricaded all the gates, so that there was no such thing as getting in. At last some of the Sabine officers saw a Roman maiden named Tarpeia on one of the towers. She was the daughter of the Roman general who was defending that part of the city. Tarpeia was very much delighted with the bracelets which the Sabine officers wore on their arms and wanted them to give her some. The Sabines told Tarpeia that they would give her as many bracelets as she wanted, if she would only unlock the gate and let them in; so that night she stole the key from under her father's pillow, and unlocked the gate of the tower. And then the Sabines rushed in, and threw so many heavy brass bracelets upon her, that she died in the gateway. But the Sabines never could have conquered Rome, if there had not been some one inside to unlock the gates.

And in this same way, my dear children, it is the Spirit of God within us which unlocks the gates of the soul and lets the truth of God come in and conquer us. That is why preaching and teaching does good. It isn't all power from outside; there is something inside which opens the heart and lets the truth come in. We want to be saved from sin; we want to get to heaven; we have remorse and sorrow for our sins: we have a conscience within us which is like an alarm bell, and tells us when we have done wrong and when we have done right. When we are in sorrow, or when we have done wrong, then we want to feel that God will help us, and will forgive us, and it is the Holy Spirit, the Interpreter of our hearts, who puts these feelings there. Our Lord called the Holy Spirit the Comforter and the Inspirer. He translates our language and interprets our hearts to God.

At the period of the French Revolution, when hundreds of innocent people were beheaded by that cruel instrument the guillotine, there were ever so many people called the Girondists shut up in the Bastile, that horrible dungeon in Paris. Every little while a French officer would come in, and read off a list of victims who were to be marched out and put in carts or tumbrels, as they were called. Then they would be driven off to the scaffold like sheep in a butcher's wagon. Whenever one of these officers would enter the dungeon, the poor people would shudder, for fear their names would be called next. Now, suppose some philosopher or wise man had entered that dungeon, along with the officer of execution, and had said, "My friends, I have come here to explain some difficult problems in algebra and geometry, please give me your attention,"would those poor condemned victims care to hear that man talk about algebra? No, indeed. There would be nothing within their hearts to respond to his lecture on geometry. That lecture would not interpret their feelings. But now suppose, instead of this professor of mathematics, an apostle of Jesus Christ, St. Paul, or St. John, or some true Christian disciple had gone in to those wretched prisoners and said, "Listen to me, my friends. I have come to tell you how you can pass right up from the bloody scaffold to God your Father in heaven. I have come to tell you how you may have life and may have it more abundantly,"-would not that language be something they would understand and care for? That man would interpret the wishes and longings of their hearts. It would be something that concerned them to know. He would take of the things of God and would show them unto those poor condemned souls.

It is always a comfort and a pleasure to

be told things beforehand, which will save us trouble and give us help. Here in Boston, from my study window, as I look over the Public Garden and the Common, I can see very frequently the red storm-flag, with the big black ball on it, flying from the Equitable Tower on Milk Street. Sometimes I have thought to myself, "I am sure this doesn't look like a storm coming. I wonder if 'Old Probabilities' hasn't made a mistake." But as the day wears on, and as the clouds gather, and the snow comes down or the rain falls, I think of the sea captains in the harbor who must be so glad to know about the weather beforehand, and who have not sailed yet, but are snugly anchored this side of Minot's Light.

And this is just what the Spirit of God does to our souls. He reproves or convinces the world of sin and of judgment. He tells us of the storms which will come if we do not heed his voice, and if we will sail our ships just as we think best. He is indeed the Interpreter of our own hearts and of

the evils and dangers which surround our way. He is the great warner of our souls.

And these are the two reasons why the Spirit of God is the true Interpreter or Teacher of our souls,—He translates God's thoughts to us, and he reveals our souls to God.

Remember, then, these two lessons, my dear children, and pray to God the Holy Spirit to help you to do God's will, and to understand his word, and to put into your minds good desires.

There was a young man at Cambridge, who said to a fellow student about to study for the ministry,—

"I don't believe there is any Holy Spirit, Fred; because I know Greek, I'm a Freshman, and the Greek word spirit means only wind, breath, air."

"Be it so," replied his friend; "and then be so kind as to tell me the meaning of this text,—'Except a man be born of water and of wind, he can not enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the wind is wind."

His friend had nothing to say to this, and the young Christian student said,—

"I think, Tom, your words are born of the wind, and not of the Spirit."

Pray, then, my dear children, that God may soon bring you to the Interpreter's House on your journey to heaven; so that the divine Interpreter may take of the things of God and may show them unto you. And if you want a short and beautiful prayer take that one which we so often use in church, and say,—

"O God, Holy Ghost, sanctifier of the faithful, visit us, we pray thee, with thy love and favor; enlighten our minds more and more with the light of the holy gospel; graft in our hearts a love of the truth; increase in us true religion; nourish us with all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same, O blessed Spirit, whom with the Father and the Son together we worship and glorify as one God, world without end!"



II.

Gibing Ap and Coming Down.



GIVING UP AND COMING DOWN.

"Zacchæus, . . . come down."—St. Luke xix. 5.

THERE is a great difference between giving up and coming down. I knew some boys who went into the country for the summer, and they made up their minds they would become farmers. Their father gave them money, and they had some money of their own saved up, and with this they began to lay up their stock in trade. They bought vegetable-seeds and flowerseeds; they bought a hoe and a rake and a spade and a measuring line for their garden; they bought chickens,-big Shanghai chickens, and Polanders with topknots, and little bantam chickens; they bought all sorts of pigeons,—tumblers and ruff-necks and fantails and pouters; they had rabbits, and two pigs which they named after an old uncle and aunt of theirs; and they fitted up the barn and the chicken-house and the rabbitpen about the first of May, and it looked as if there were going to be great things done on that farm. But in about one month's time, the weeds had come up in the garden, and it was impossible to tell the flowers from the vegetables; the rabbits had been eaten by rats; the pigeons got tired of waiting about for food, and flew away to another farm; the cook took care of the chickens, and the farmer man had to feed the pigs, whose cries for food one could hear a quarter of a mile off. The boys got tired of farming, and preferred to spend their days down on a raft, which they had made, on a mill-pond near the house. They gave up being farmers, and came down to being boys again.

Now there is a great deal of this same spirit which these boys showed abroad in the world to-day. People start out to do great things, and when they find that they

can not accomplish what they first set out to do, they give up altogether. The next year that these same boys went out in the country, they didn't attempt such great things in the way of farming; they came down to a smaller garden and fewer animals to take care of. It's very fine to try to do great things if we really have the power to do them; but if we haven't got this power, it's a great deal better to begin in a smaller way.

There is the old fable about Phæton. He saw his father, Phœbus, driving the chariot of the sun, and he thought it must be a very easy thing to do; but when he came to try it, the fable says the horses ran away with him and he was dashed to the earth.

Every one can not drive his father's chariot when he's a boy, though when we were boys we thought we could. We have to come down in our ideas of what we can do.

A man came into a store the other day where I was buying something. He was selling plaster casts of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Daniel Webster.

"Please buy this statue of Daniel Webster," he said.

"How much do you want for it?" asked the man in the store.

"Ten dollars," was the answer.

"Nonsense!" said the store-keeper, "I will give you fifty cents for it."

The Italian image vender looked sorrowfully at his white bust of Daniel Webster with his large staring eyes, and then said, "Well, I will take it."

Now that was the difference between giving up and coming down. The man did not give up his sale, he only came down in his price.

"Zacchœus, come down"—this is our text to-day. Our subject is about the difference between giving up and coming down.

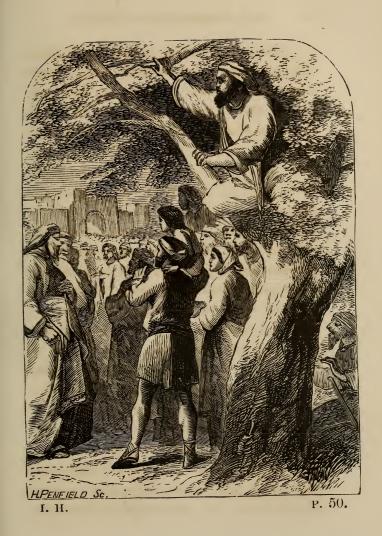
Now let us find out something about this man Zacchæus, and then see how this story teaches us a lesson.

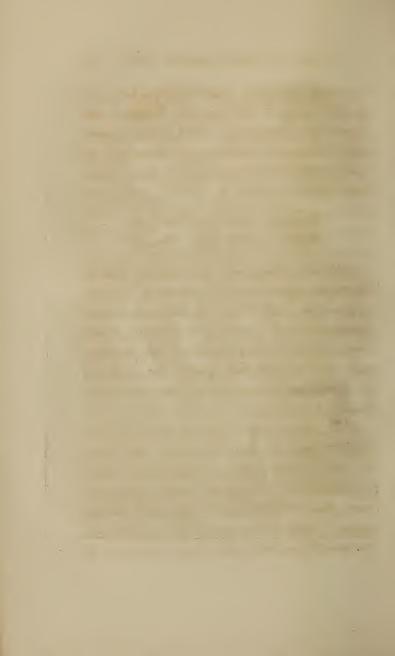
When Jesus was on his way to Jerusalem, he passed through the old city of Jericho. The people had heard of the miracles which he had wrought, and of course they all wanted to see the wonderful prophet. Jesus was with his disciples, and all those who were going up to the feast at Jerusalem travelled together in a caravan; so of course this company made quite a long procession. There were the beasts of burden with their packages, and women and children on asses, and boys and girls running along by their side; then there were the men who had been healed by Jesus, and there were the lame and the poor who kept crying out to him for help. Every body in Jericho had heard of Jesus, the wonderful prophet. So when this caravan came through the town, the people of Jericho turned out to see it. You know how it is with a procession of soldiers or firemen or Masons,—people like to get good places at second-story windows, and on balconies and piazzas, so as to be able to see.

Well, when this caravan entered the city of Jericho, the people got good places, so as to see the great prophet of whom they had heard so much. There was a little man in Jericho, named Zacchæus. He had heard of Jesus, but he had never seen him. He was a Jew; but he was a tax-gatherer, and all these tax-gatherers were very much hated by the people, because they represented the Roman government, and because people never like to be taxed. It was because these American Colonies before the Revolutionary War were taxed without representation that they fought for their freedom. The people of Jericho used to collect the balsam or gum from the palm groves near their city, and this was exported to Rome. Years before, the Roman general, Antony, had given the revenue from these balsam gardens to the Egyptian queen, Cleopatra, and ever since that time, Herod the Great had kept this revenue, as a source of income for himself. We know to-day how people dislike to have to pass through a custom-house, and pay for

things which they have brought home from Europe. The men who examine trunks, and bring out all sorts of pretty things there, and make you pay for them, are generally very unpopular men. They are hated; and it is said that these men somehow, do become rich. Now Zacchæus was a kind of custom-house officer, or internal revenue tax collector. People hated the little Jew; they said that he had made money out of Herod's custom-house, and that he had grown rich at their expense. I suppose Zacchæus had heard of all these reports, and he had lost all respect for himself. It's a dreadful thing when any one loses self-respect, and gives up trying to be respectable. I suppose Zacchæus thought to himself, "Now there's no use in my trying to be a decent man, or to do what this Prophet teaches. I must give that up altogether, for I do want to keep my position here in getting the revenue from the balsam; and so I must go on being hated. I must give up all thought of being a better man."

However this may be, he found that there was a great crowd around Jesus. Some were talking with him, others were asking for favors; the sick and the poor and the lame were begging to be healed; and Zacchæus, because he was such a little man, finding that he could not see Jesus, on account of the crowd, ran ahead and climbed up into a sycamore-tree on the roadside. This was a species of fig-tree, and our Lord always seemed to notice the fig-trees on his journeys. He could always tell whether there was fruit on them, or whether they had nothing but leaves. I think he must have been very fond of this fruit. So when he came to this tree, he looked up at it, for it had some other kind of fruit on it besides figs this time. There was Zacchæus up in the branches. No doubt he thought he was completely hidden from view. People very often think, if they can get up into a tree out of sight, that they will be safe. Charles the Second, when he was flying, after the battle of Worcester,





in which Cromwell had defeated him, got up into a great oak with his friends, while Cromwell's troopers galloped along beneath him. That old oak-tree was preserved for a long time afterwards, and it had a tablet with these words on it,-

> "The Royal Pak, it was the Gree Which Saved his Royal Majesty."

And then there was the Charter Oak in Hartford, which hid the charter of the colony on the night when Sir Edmund Andros demanded the charter and William Wadsworth blew out the lights in the meeting, and ran off with the parchment, and hid it, in the open trunk of the old oak-tree in Hartford Common.

Well, when Jesus came to the place, he looked right up into the tree, just as if he saw a bunch of ripe figs there. Then he called out, "Zacchæus, make haste and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house." Just think how surprised Zacchæus must have been, that Jesus should have known his name, that he should have seen him up in the tree, and, above all, that he should be willing to come and stay with him at his house! St. Luke says, "He made haste, and came down, and received Him joyfully."

Think how different his feelings were, as he came down the trunk of that tree, from those he had when he went up. What boy here to-day, doesn't know that happy feeling there is, in coming down from a tree when we have got what we wanted, what we went up into the tree for. If it was a deserted bird's-nest, or a tangled kite caught in the branches, or cherries or chestnuts we were after-how good it is to get down again to the ground, with something in your hand to show, and not have the other boys laughing at you. Now, Zacchæus must have had some such feeling as this when he came down so quickly from the sycamore-tree. He felt honored by the words of Jesus. He had given up all thought of being a friend of Jesus; he only wanted to see him once,

as he passed through Jericho. It was only a feeling of curiosity he had when he climbed up into the tree; it was a feeling of thankful delight he had as he hurried down from the branches, and let himself slide down the rough trunk of the old tree!

The old New England primer has a queer picture of this scene. The tree looks like a big bush, and Zacchæus is at the top of it, and looks like some very large bird. And under the picture are these lines, which our forefathers studied, when they were little children,—

"Zacchæus, he
Did climb a tree,
His Lord and Master for to see."

So Zacchæus came down very gladly, and began to show Jesus the way to his house. Then the people complained. They said Jesus ought not to go to the house of such a bad man as Zacchæus. They said he had defrauded them, and had made money unjustly. I suppose some of the citizens were

jealous of Zacchæus, for jealousy always causes us to think hard things of others.

When Zacchæus heard the people complaining about his character as a custom-house officer, or tax collector, he stepped forward and said, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken any thing from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." This was very noble in Zacchæus, and it shows us that he was a good man at heart, and that Jesus saw he had good in him. And then our Lord added those beautiful words, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

The people thought that Zacchæus was a great sinner and he thought so himself; so he had given up all idea of following Christ. He was lost in his own fears. But when Jesus said, "Zacchæus, come down," a new world opened up before him. Jesus had come to save him; he had come to tell him not to be afraid, not to give up all thought of serving him, because he was

not an apostle, but to change his life, and do the best he could in Jericho. He was not called to go all over the world preaching the gospel like St. Paul; he must give that thought up; but he could stay quietly at Jericho, and be a disciple of Christ there.

Jesus didn't say, "Zacchæus, give it all up," he said, "Zacchæus, come down."

This, then, is all we know about the story of Zacchæus.

Now I want to talk about the difference between giving up and coming down.

T.

First then comes this thought of giving up. You know how it is when we are trying to find out the answer to a conundrum. Some people really do try to find it for themselves, others say at once, "I give it up." And there are a great many things in this life of ours which are like conundrums. There are times when life itself seems like a great riddle; there are times when we have got to master the difficulties in our way, when it won't do to say, "I give it up." Judas Iscariot was a man who gave it up. He sinned against Jesus, and so did Simon Peter; but Simon Peter did not despair: he didn't give up serving his Lord, only he came down afterwards from having such a good opinion of himself.

When Christian, in the story of "Pilgrim's Progress," came to the Interpreter's House, he was shown, among the other curiosities of the place, the man who was in the iron cage. "Now the man, to look on, seemed very sad; he sat with his eyes looking down to the ground, his hands folded together, and he sighed as if he would break his heart. Then said Christian, what means this? At which the Interpreter bid him talk with the man. Then said Christian to the man, what art thou? The man answered, I am not what I once was. I once was, as I thought, fair for the Celestial City, and had then even joy at the thoughts that I should get thither.

I am now a man of despair, and am shut up in it as in this iron cage. I can not get out: O, now I can not!"

Now, my dear children, this picture of the man in the iron cage which the Interpreter showed to Christian was the picture of the man who despaired, who gave up serving Jesus, as Judas gave up when he felt the greatness of his sins.

When Julius Cæsar, the first emperor of Rome, was on his way to power, some friend asked him what he wanted to be and meant to be. He replied, Aut Cæsar aut nullus— "Either Cæsar or nobody." And Nelson, the English admiral, as his flag-ship was going into action in the battle of the Nile, said that the close of that day would give him either a peerage in England, or a place in Westminster Abbey. This sort of perseverance is the right kind. It is right for us not to give up, but to persevere when we are fighting on the right side. It is when we are on the wrong side, and are in sin and error, that we ought to be willing, not to give up entirely, but to come down to our true and rightful position.

Think of poor Zacchæus up in the sycamore-tree! He had given up all thought that he could be a disciple of Jesus. He knew how the people talked about him, and hated him; so that after a while, no doubt, he despised and hated himself. He had said to himself, I doubt not, when he thought about following Jesus, just what we say over a hard conundrum, "I give it up—I give it all up." But when Jesus passed by, and saw him up in the tree, he said, "Zacchæus, make haste, and come down." He didn't say, "You're right, Zacchæus; you'd better give it all up."

Now this is a great lesson for us to learn. We must know just when to give up and just how to come down. There was Rarey the famous horse-tamer, for instance. Horses would be brought into the ring for him to tame, with heavy balls tied to their hind feet, and with their fore legs strapped together with strong leathern straps. There

were horses which couldn't be brought out of their stalls, they were so fierce. They would kick and bite every one who came near them; some horses had to be kept in iron stalls; and yet when this wonderful tamer came near to them, and got hold of their wills, in some strange way, they gave up all their crossness and ugliness, and came down to be as gentle and playful as lambs in a pasture lot or kittens on the kitchen floor.

There is a story told out in Kentucky of a famous old hunter named Davy Crockett, who was always a dead shot! He never missed a shot. Whenever he raised his rifle to aim at a bird or a squirrel or an opossum, he always hit it. This story says that there was once an opossum up a gum-tree out there, who saw a man aiming at him up in the tree. He didn't see who it was at first, so he went on eating nuts. But presently he looked again, and this time he saw that it was Davy Crockett who was carefully aiming at him. When the "possum" saw Davy, the story is, he called out, "Hold on there! You needn't fire; if it's you, I'll come down!" Of course I don't vouch for the truth of this story; but that possum wasn't very far wrong in being willing to come down, if he had such faith in Davy Crockett's aim.

Some of his friends once asked Admiral Farragut how it was that he had such a successful life, and this is the account he gave of his starting right, or how he gave up his own wrong plan of life, and came down to a better, wiser one.

"My father," he said, "was sent down to New Orleans with the little navy we then had, to look after the treason of Aaron Burr. I accompanied him as cabin-boy, and was ten years of age. I had some qualities which I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink as stiff a glass of grog, as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gaming in every shape. At the close of the dinner one day, my fa-

ther turned every body out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me,-

"'David, what do you mean to be?'

"'I mean to follow the sea,' said I.

"'Follow the sea!' said my father, 'be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital, in a foreign clime?'

"'No,' I replied, 'I'll tread the quarterdeck, and command, as you do.'

"'Never, David!' my father answered. 'No boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life, if you ever become a man.'

"My father left me, and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke, and overwhelmed with mortification. 'A poor miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and to die in some fever hospital—that's my fate, is it,' I said to myself. 'I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath. I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor. I will never gamble.' And, as God is my witness, I have kept those three vows to this hour. And in this way I became a Christian.

Children, that was the way the noble Farragut gave up his bad habits as a boy; though he never deserted his country, or gave up his ship. That was the way he gave up a false life, without giving up his country's service. And though he came down from a wrong idea of life to a true one, he didn't come down from the foretop of the Hartford, when he brought his fleet through the fire of the forts, with his flag flying to New Orleans.

He came down the right tree, the tree of his bad habits as a boy, and this enabled him to conquer, as he stood up through all that fearful fight, on the foretop of his vessel, and drove his ships safely into the harbor.

And then there is the other thought of our subject.

This is the thought of coming down. We have already touched upon this. When we talk about the difference between giving up and coming down, it must be that we will have to compare the one with the other.

By giving up, we mean despairing of doing any thing at all. By coming down, we mean simply changing our plan.

When boys go to college from their little schools, and from their mothers and sisters who pet them at home, and make them think that they are going to have the first honors, when they meet other boys bigger and stronger and brighter than they, and better prepared for college, there comes a great temptation to give up altogether, and to say with Julius Cæsar, "I'll be first man, or I'll be nobody." There is nothing like going to a big school or college, where boys meet on a level in their studies and plays, for bringing one down to his true basis. After a while, when we have been knocked

about, and have been rubbed into by the other boys, instead of saying, "I'll give up altogether," we learn instead to do the best we can under the circumstances, and come down, as Zacchæus did. And it very often happens that when we come down ourselves, we can make other people come down also.

A boy in Boston, rather small for his age, worked in an office as errand boy for some gentlemen who do business there.

One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him,—

"You will never amount to much—you can never do much business; you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them.

"Well," said he, "as small as I am I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"And what is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied.

But they were anxious to know, and urged

him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow.

There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on that point.

It's a great thing to be able to know just where to draw the line between giving up and coming down. A boy to succeed in life must very often give up his own idea of what he wants to be, and must suit himself to his circumstances and surroundings, and when he has conquered them, then he will be able to carry out his original plan.

Some time ago a large drug firm in Boston advertised for a boy. The next day the store was thronged with applicants, and among them was a queer-looking little fellow, with his aunt who took care of him.

Looking at the poor boy, the merchant promptly said,—

"Can't take him; places all full. Besides he's too small."

"I know he is small," said the woman; "but he is willing and faithful."

There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes which made the gentleman think again. A partner in the firm promptly said he "did not see what they wanted of such a boy, he wasn't 'bigger than a pint measure.'"

The boy, however, was allowed to stay, and was set to work. Not long after, a call was made on the clerks in the store for some one to stay all night. The quick offer of this fellow was in strong contrast to the backwardness of the others. In the middle of the night, the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and found him quite busy scissoring labels.

"What are you doing?" he asked. "I did not tell you to work at nights."

"I know you didn't tell me to," said the boy; "but I thought I might as well be doing something."

In the morning the cashier received orders to double the boy's wages, "for he is willing." Only a week passed, before a show of wild beasts went through the streets, and quite naturally all hands in the store rushed to see it. A thief saw his chance, and entered the rear door to snatch something, when he suddenly found himself grabbed by the young clerk and pinned to the floor. Not only was this robbery prevented, but things taken from other stores were found on him.

"What made you stay behind to watch, when all the rest stopped their work to look?" asked the merchant.

"You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay," said the boy.

Orders were immediately given once more:
—"double that boy's wages, because he is willing and faithful."

Before he left the clerkship, he was getting a salary of \$2,500, and now he is a member of the firm. That boy had success born in him, because he had learned the great lesson of not being above his work in life. Instead of giving up, because things

were not as he had expected them to be, he simply came down to the requirements of the place and the interests of those who employed him. And it very often happens, when we can not have our own way, and have to give up our own plans, that God will open up a new way for us to serve him, as he did to Zacchæus when he came down from the sycamore-tree.

There was an officer in the army of Ferdinand, king of Spain, named Ignatius Loyola. He was dangerously wounded in defending the city of Pampeluna. As he was confined to his bed for a long time, he beguiled his pain and employed his solitude in reading the lives of the saints. After a while Loyola's mind was so inflamed by reading of their wonderful exploits, that he fancied himself inspired to perform like deeds. Accordingly he called himself a knight of the Blessed Virgin, and undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Then he established the order of the Jesuits, the most famous religious society that has ever been known. The

members of this society had secret rules; they soon established their order all over Europe and set out to convert the world. Their missionaries went to India, China, Japan, and North America. They established missions on the Ganges and the Mississippi; and spread far up into the snowy wastes of British North America. Their motto was this, Hoc Vult Deus—"God wills this." And all this, was from the resolution of a battered soldier, who, when he had to give up fighting, didn't give up every thing, but came down to a different kind of life and did the best thing he could under the circumstances.

"Zacchœus, come down." Our Lord did not say, "Give it all up, Zacchæus; you can never serve me." No, he told him that he was going home with him that day to dine with him and to make a friend out of Zacchæus. And Zacchæus instead of giving up all thoughts of following Jesus, because he could not follow him as the other disciples did, stayed at home in Jericho, and did the

best he could there. He said he gave the half of his goods to feed the poor, and if he had done any wrong to any man, he would restore it fourfold. This was beginning well, certainly.

About the year 300, there lived in Egypt, up the Nile, the famous hermit St. Anthony. He lived in a cell and fasted and prayed, and scourged himself, and tried in every way to get sin out of himself. He had whips and scourges and all sorts of appliances and fixings to make him holy, just as a gymnasium has weights and pulleys and bars and ropes to develop a man's muscles and make him strong. He thought he was getting on very well, when one night he heard a voice saying, "Anthony, Anthony! Thou art not so perfect as is the cobbler at Alexandria." The next morning, bright and early, Anthony took his staff and started off from his lonely cell to hunt up this cobbler. He arrived at Alexandria and went up and down the streets inquiring for the holy cobbler. No one knew where he lived. "But hasn't he got a cell of his own?" asked Anthony. Nobody knew of any such cell. Poor Anthony went hunting through the city for this man's place, but couldn't find it. I suppose he was looking out for some such sign as this,—

HOLY COBBLER'S CELL.

BOOTS & SHOES

HONESTLY MADE & MENDED.

It would be a good thing for us nowadays to have a few of these men about. At last some one directed Anthony to the house.

"Well, well," said Anthony, "here you are. I've found you at last. But you don't look very holy. Where is your cell, and your scourge, and your staff? I don't see any

skulls or Bibles about; this place doesn't look very holy. Come now, sir, tell me how you spend your time."

"Why," replied the cobbler, "there isn't very much to tell. In the morning when I get up, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, especially for all such poor neighbors and friends as I have; after this I set me at my labor, where I spend a whole day in getting my living. And I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness; wherefore when I make any man a promise, I keep it, and perform it truly. And thus I spend my time with my wife and children whom I teach and instruct as far as my wit will serve me in the knowledge of God and his word. That is all my life," said the cobbler.

And St. Anthony went back to the desert, thinking about the voice he had heard, telling him that he was not as perfect as the cobbler.

The cobbler could not be a great saint like St. Anthony. But, then, because he

could not be like the saints of the period, he didn't give up trying altogether. He didn't give up. He only came down, and stayed in Alexandria, doing as much good as he could there, in the same way in which Zacchæus did, when he went on living in Jericho and serving his Master there.

Let us remember then the difference between giving up and coming down, and if we find that we can not do what others do, still let us not give up doing what we can, even if it is only a very little.

Some children went once to see President Lincoln at the White House, and sang for him a little hymn. When they had finished they saw that his eyes were filled with tears. The poor man was burdened down with care during the war, and politicians and newspapers blamed him, first for this thing and then for that thing, and he said these words expressed just what was in his heart.

This is the hymn that the little children sang for President Lincoln: it is the one lesson of our sermon to-day,—

74 THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE.

"If you can not on the ocean
Sail amongst the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the mightiest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet—
You can stand amongst the sailors,
Anchor'd yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

"If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountains, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
As the multitudes go by;
You can chant some happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

"If you have no gold or silver
Ever ready at command,
If you can not to the needy
Stretch a constant open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Master's feet."

III.

Blocks in the Uay.



BLOCKS IN THE WAY.

"And the angel of the Lord went further, and stood in a narrow place, where was no way to turn either to the right hand or to the left."—Num. xxii. 26.

SOME years ago a large party of ministers and others went for a six weeks' excursion into the Adirondack wilderness in New York State. There were fourteen persons in the party, and these, with the ten guides who were necessary, made quite a small army to be provided for. And then, instead of sunshine, the rain kept coming down in torrents, for it was a wet moon in a wet August. And there were no fish to be caught, and the deer kept away, and these ministers had to live upon hard tack and salt pork. They slept in the wet, and sat in the wet, and ate their meals in the wet, and walked in the sopping wet roads. Every other day the head guide would give

orders to move the camp, and try some other camping-ground. Then these ministers would get their things together. Guns and fishing rods and tin cans and writing cases and oars and shawl bundles, would all be made up into parcels, while the gentle rain would keep on, as if it meant to give these travellers a taste of how it felt to have forty days and forty nights of it. In going from one lake to another, over what were called "the carries," these ministers had to take up and carry their packages. One of them was very near-sighted. He had to carry two oars over each shoulder, and besides this had to lead two big deer-hounds by a strap. The "carries" were very hard places to get over. There were logs and stumps and big stones and holes in the ground right in the way, and this poor minister would drop his eye-glasses, and the dogs would get between his legs, and the long oars would catch in the thick bushes, and he wouldn't know how to get on. Presently he would call out to his

guide,—"Hanck! Hanck! here's something in my way." Then Hanck, the guide, would run back and get the oars out, or unwind the dogs who had got their straps twisted around his legs. One time the poor man would lose his way; the next time he would tumble over some log in the "carry."

"I never saw such a road," the minister said at the end of the journey. "There was something in the way all the time."

"That's so," replied the guide—"it was you that were in your own way."

Now it makes a great difference, my dear children, whether we think other things are in the way, or whether we are in our own way, and are standing in our own light.

Henry Clay drove up one day in his carriage to a tavern in a lonely part of Kentucky.

"Are you going by the turnpike or the river road?" asked the landlord of Mr. Clay.

Mr. Clay was not feeling very well; he had a headache, and was standing in his own light. He was tumbling about over the logs that were in his mind,—those moody, angry feelings which we sometimes have as our companions, and he replied,

"I believe, sir, I don't owe you one cent; I shall take whichever road I please."

The landlord collapsed, and had nothing more to say. After dinner, Mr. Clay got into his carriage and drove out as far as the gate. Up to this time he had thought that the landlord was in his way; but now the driver did not know which road to take; thereupon Mr. Clay stood up in his carriage, and called back to the landlord,

"Which is the shortest road to take to Shelbyville?"

The landlord called out from his piazza, "you don't owe me one cent, Mr. Clay—you can take whichever road you please."

It was the great Henry Clay who was in his own way after all. He was like the man in the Adirondacks *tumbling* over those logs he ought to have stepped over. The trouble was he was in his own way; it wasn't the landlord who was troubling him. Now this sermon is about

BLOCKS IN THE WAY.

In Xenophon's Anabasis—that Greek book which we read in school, giving an account of the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks, after the defeat of Cyrus at Cunaxa—there is an account of a method of overcoming the cavalry, by making them stumble in the field. The night before the battle, one side would go over the field where they thought the cavalry would charge in the morning, and would drop on the ground, round iron balls, like cannon balls, with long spikes on them. These tripods were called caltrops, and were designed to wound the horses' hoofs, and in this way to destroy the effect of a cavalry charge. Just think how angry these blocks in the way would make the leader of a cavalry force. He couldn't make his men fight at all.

And you know how bad it is to try to hunt for a box of matches in a dark room at night. You stumble over cushions, and bump up against chairs, and upset tumblers of water, and knock things off the mantelpiece. You think all these things are in the way; but if you only had a light, you would find that the things are in their proper places, and that it is your own hands which are in the way.

Our text to-day is found in the story of Balaam. He was a man who was always getting in his own way!

We all know this story. Balak, the king of Moab, was afraid to fight with the Israelites who were travelling through the wilderness to the promised land, so he heard of this wonderful magician or wizard, who was a sort of half gypsy, half Jew, and he sent for him to stop the progress of the Israelites by cursing them. Balak wanted to put a block in their way; he wanted to fill the field with these spikes or caltrops, only he thought there was nothing so powerful in the way of a check as the curse of

this prophet Balaam. Then Balak brought Balaam from one mountain-top to another, with his priests and princes, and his altars and bullocks and rams, and told him to look down on the Israelites and curse them. But it was all in vain! The altars were vain and the sacrifices were vain. The curse would not come; for God turned every curse into a blessing. Balak at this grew very angry; he told Balaam that he had meant to promote him to great honor, but that God had kept him back from honor. Balaam said he was very sorry, but that if the king were to offer him a house full of silver and gold, he couldn't speak any thing but that which God should put in his mouth. Balaam was a great man for making pretty speeches. He talked very religiously; he used very pious. words, but all his religion began and ended in talk.

Our text to-day tells us about the adventure which happened to Balaam, when the king of Moab first sent messengers for him. Balaam wouldn't go at first, when Ba-

lak sent for him. Balaam talked very religiously to these men, but after a while, though God had told him not to go, he got up early in the morning, and saddled his ass and went. He was deliberately disobeying God, though he tried to make these men think that he was a very holy man.

Some one of these days, perhaps you will read for yourselves the Italian poet Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," or the poem about the crusaders and their conquest of Jerusalem. In that poem you will read about a famous wizard named Ismeno, who always seemed to me to be just such a man as this Balaam. He made incantations and rolled his eyes, and uttered spells, and stirred up a fire, and drew a circle on the ground, and did all sorts of strange things.

Balaam couldn't do any thing without seven altars and seven bullocks and seven rams. Then, when one mountain wouldn't do, Balak would say, "Try another mountain, perhaps the fault is in the place, perhaps you can curse the Israelites from some

other mountain-top." So they would pack up their things, and go down the sides of that mountain, the warriors with their spears, and the priests in their white robes. with the sheep and oxen which were to be offered up in vain, to bring down a curse that would not come. Then they would climb up another and another mountain, till at last Balaam said, that there was no use, that God had blessed these people, and that no one could stand against God. I have no doubt Balaam was well paid for all these journeys up and down the mountains of Moab. And so, as it seemed to be too bad to be paid for that which he could not do, he suggested to the king, who wanted to keep these people, the Israelites, out from his land altogether, that he had better invite them to one of his heathen feasts. Balaam thought they would be sure to come, and God would be sure to punish them. And this is just what happened. Balak invited the people to come to the feasts, and they fell into the sins of the Midianites, and worshipped their

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idols, and then a plague was sent upon them, and ever so many people died. In the sixteenth verse of the thirty-first chapter of Numbers, we read that this plague came upon the people because they committed a trespass against the Lord, through the counsel of Balaam. After this the children of Israel fought against the Midianites and killed their kings; and we read that "Balaam also the son of Beor they slew with the sword."-Num. xxxi. 8. And this was the end of the man who had said, "I shall see him, but not now." "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." He talked very piously, but after all he was found fighting against the people of God.

Our text to-day tells us of that period in Balaam's history when he was taking the first wrong step. God had told him not to go to Balak, and Balaam got up very early in the morning and went. Then he had nothing but trouble. God's angel stood in the way to block up his path. Balaam didn't

see the angel. But the ass—who was a very wise and sensible ass, much wiser in fact than the man whom she carried—saw the angel, and rubbed up to the opposite side of the road, where there was a wall. This crushed Balaam's foot, and he grew very angry, and beat the poor beast, and said he wished he had a sword, for then he would kill her. At last the angel went further and stood in a narrow way, and when Balaam's foot was crushed again, he saw the angel who was blocking up the way with a sword drawn in his hand. This frightened Balaam; especially after the ass had been talking to him. This angel, was the first member of any society for the prevention of cruelty to animals which we read of in the Bible. He took Balaam to task for beating his poor beast. Hereupon Balaam began to talk his hypocritical pious talk again. He said, "I have sinned; for I knew not that thou stoodest in the way against me: now therefore, if it displease thee, I will get me back again."

Dear children, this is just what I said in the beginning. It was Balaam who was in his own way after all. He was like the man in the woods stumbling over the logs and stumps. The angel was in the way, and the wall was in the way, simply because Balaam was out of the way. He was going wrong, and he was in trouble. He was finding out what we all find when we go wrong—that there are

BLOCKS IN THE WAY

I.

Now the first lesson we learn from this subject is,—that we do not see our own stumbling-blocks. We do not know our own faults; we are like Balaam who was blind to the difficulties in his way.

Look at a lot of boys and girls playing blind-man's-buff. They crawl around a room with their arms spread out to keep them from falling, and they stumble about over cushions and chairs and all the furniture. They do not see these things over which they tumble. They think the chairs are in their way, when all the time it is they themselves who are in the way; the chairs are all right. And just so it is with us in regard to our stumbling-blocks or faults; they are in our own way, and yet, though we are quick enough to find out the faults of others, we are very slow to see our own.

A monk went, once upon a time, to see his abbot, and complained of his cell, because it was in the vicinity of another monk, of whom scandalous stories were in circulation. The man who complained said he supposed they were true, since another monk had told him.

"Ah," said the abbot, "a monk who tells such tales has fallen from his profession and is unworthy of belief." Then the abbot, picking up a straw and looking at a large beam over his head said, "This straw is

my neighbor's sin which I trample on with scorn; that log is my own sin which I rarely notice, but which may one day fall and crush me."

There is an old Gælic proverb which says, "If the best man's faults were written over his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes."

Some time ago, a party of workmen were employed in building a very tall shot tower. In laying a corner, one brick, either by accident or carelessness, was set a little out of line. The work went on without its being noticed; but as each course of brick was kept in line with those already laid, the tower was not put up exactly straight, and the higher they built, the more insecure it became. One day, when the tower had been carried up about fifty feet, there was a tremendous crash. The building had fallen, burying the men in its ruins. All the previous work was lost, the materials wasted, and worse still, valuable lives were sacrificed, and all this from one brick laid

wrong at the start. How little the workman who laid that one brick wrong, thought of the mischief he was making for the future. That one faulty brick, which the workman did not see, caused all this trouble and death. This was the stumbling-block in the way of the tower's success.

It is very true, then, that we do not see our own faults and errors, though we are quick enough to see the faults of others and lay the blame upon them. Balaam didn't see the angel in his way, so he laid the blame on the ass, and beat her with his stick, and wished for a sword that he might kill her. And in the same way, we very often fail to see those things which prevent us from going forward and doing our best work. We are sometimes as blind, and unreasonable, and angry, as Balaam was, and fail to see the blocks that are in our way.

In Glasgow one day, two Scotch sailors, who had been drinking heavily, took their boat to pull off to the ship; but after rowing some time, as they made no progress,

each accused the other of want of effort. Finally, after an hour's work, when they had become a little sobered, one of them happened to look over the side and discovered the difficulty. "Why, Sandy," said he, "we haven't pulled the anchor up." They hadn't gone forward at all—they were only pulling round and round.

And, my dear children, it very often happens that the reason why we don't make more progress is that we haven't pulled our anchor up. We are tied fast to some fault or habit or obstruction, and can not get on until we have cut loose from it. We ought always to be glad to have other people, who are true friends, tell us of our faults. It isn't pleasant to be found fault with, I know; but if we are going on blindly, as Balaam went, bumping first upon one side of the road, and then upon the other, a true friend who will help us to know ourselves, will be to us, what the angel with the drawn sword, was to Balaam, when he was bound the wrong way.

II.

The second lesson we learn from this story is,—that we are all apt to lay the blame for our mistakes upon some one else.

This is one of our poor human nature's greatest faults. It began in the garden of Eden, and it has continued as one of our commonest evils ever since. People when they get into trouble, always are tempted to hunt about for some one on whom to put the blame. It was John's fault, or Mary's fault; it was the servant's fault, or some friend's fault. Why, I know people who are never without some poor excuse of this kind. They would have been more punctual, or they would have been more regular, only it was So-and-so's fault. In the garden of Eden, Adam said, "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." And Eve hunted around for an excuse, and said, "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat." Just see how it was in this story of Balaam. First Balaam said it was the fault

of the ass that his foot was crushed against the wall; then the ass spoke up and said it was not her fault; and last of all the angel said it was Balaam's fault: it was because he was in the wrong way that he was finding so many stumbling-blocks in his path.

The Israelites used to have a custom, upon the great day of atonement, of bringing out before the people a goat, called the scape-goat. The high priest would then confess the sins of the people over his head, and the people would beat him with sticks, and drive him away into the wilderness. He was called the scape-goat, because he was supposed to carry all the people's sins, away into the wilderness. And we often see people who make a scape-goat of their friends, and lay all the blame upon them, as the Israelites did with the goat in the wilderness.

There was a painter once in Greece, who was requested by Alexander the Great to paint his portrait. When it was all finished, the king came to see it. He looked it all

over, and then said, "Yes, it is very good. But where is the scar on my forehead?"

"Ah," replied the painter, "I have covered the scar with your hand."

The painter had painted Alexander's forehead leaning upon his right hand, and the forefinger covered the defect on the forehead.

Now we ought to be willing to take our own share of blame; we ought not to be continually pointing out the scars of our friends; we ought to try to cover their defects, and lay the blame where it belongs. But this is a very difficult thing to do. People do not like to lay the blame upon themselves.

In a settlement of miners, where there were a great many hard and rough characters, there was a big Irish boy who was a great favorite. His name was Teddy McCool. Teddy was a terrible drinker, and was killing himself with liquor; at last some of his rough friends among the miners asked him to sit down while they read a dreadful

story out of the newspaper. Teddy couldn't read, so he lighted a pipe, and listened to the story. They wanted to frighten him out of his drinking habits, so they made up a story and pretended to read it out of the paper. This story went on to say, that a man from the old country came over to a mining town in Colorado, and fell into such hard drinking habits, that one night when he was going upstairs to bed, as he held the candle close to his mouth, it ignited his breath which was steeped in liquor, so that he took fire and died.

"Now, Teddy," said the men, "what do you think of that?"

"Dear me," replied Teddy, "isn't it dreadful? Give me the Bible, till I swear upon it."

The men thought he was going to promise that he would stop drinking; but instead of this he said,

"I, Teddy McCool, hereby solemnly promise and swear, that I'll never go upstairs to bed, with a lighted candle."

Teddy was unwilling to take the blame upon himself, and his evil habit of drinking, so he put all the blame upon the lighted candle. He was like Balaam, whipping the poor ass, when all the time it was his own fault, that his foot was crushed by the wall in the narrow way.

There was a man once, in a New England town, named Isaac Davis. He was a hard-hearted, cruel man,—one who ground the poor, and turned them right out of doors, if the rent wasn't paid up, and did all sorts of hard things.

He used to go to church regularly, and always said "Amen" very loudly. He had a rough, harsh whisper, and when the minister would preach about people's sins, he would root at them with his cane, and whisper out, "Say Amen to that, Neighbor Jones"; or, "Say Amen to that, Miss Brown."

The minister had prepared at last what ministers call, "a rod in pickle," for this man. He wrote a sermon expressly for him, but he waited month after month for an opportunity to preach it. At last the day came. One very stormy wintry afternoon the minister went to church. No one came to the service but this Isaac Davis. The sexton was at the door, the minister was in the pulpit, and Isaac Davis sat in his pew. Then, when the time came for the preaching, the minister began, and preached his sermon for Isaac Davis. He denounced men who came to church and appeared pious and at the same time ground the faces of the poor. He said that the wrath of God would visit their souls, and their day of punishment would surely come.

Poor Davis looked all about, to see to whom this applied; but there was no one but the sexton and the organ-blower and himself. He could not apply this sermon to any one else, and when the minister finished, he leaned over his pulpit, and, looking the man straight in the eye, he exclaimed,

"Say Amen to that, Isaac Davis! Say Amen to all that!"

The second lesson which we learn from this story is—that, like Balaam, we like to lay the blame upon some one else.

III.

The third lesson this story teaches us, is —that we must overcome the difficulties in our way, if we want to have God's blessing.

When Balaam's eyes were opened, and he saw who it was that was standing in his way, he expressed great sorrow. I don't know whether or not he was really sorry. He wasn't a true man, and we can not trust in the pretty speeches of men who are not true at heart.

Balaam, as we have seen, was very good at talking religion; but he wasn't very strong as a doer of God's will. God sent that angel to block up Balaam's way on purpose that he might see how far astray he had gone, and might come into the right way. That block in the way, when the angel of the Lord stood in a narrow place,

where there was no way to turn either to the right hand or to the left, was directly from God himself.

You remember in "Pilgrim's Progress," how Christian came to the Hill Difficulty at the bottom of which there were two paths -one turning to the right and the other to the left. One of these side paths was called Danger, the other path was called Destruction. Well, my dear children, we each of us have our own Hill Difficulty every little while in life, and we either climb over it, as Christian did, or we give it up and go round by some other way. I knew a boy in school whose Hill Difficulty was his arithmetic. When the teacher was not looking, this boy would get a friend of his to copy down the answers to his examples. This was just like climbing round the hill, instead of going up over it.

And now see how this going round the Hill Difficulty, instead of going over it, bothered that boy. He went on and on in this way, getting up into classes where he did not really belong, and being supposed to be able to do examples, which he could not do, until at last, when he came to enter college with his class, he failed in his mathematical examination, and was dropped for another year until he had mastered the difficulties in his way, instead of going round them.

Let us all say, when we come to our difficulties, that which Christian said when he came to the hill called by this same name,—

"This hill, though difficult, I covet to ascend;
The difficulty will not me offend,
For I perceive, the way to life lies here:
Come, pluck up heart, let's neither faint nor fear;
Better, though difficult, the right way go,
Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe."

We always gather strength by overcoming our difficulties, and not by running away from them. Look at Columbus and Pizarro when they explored this western world; look at Dr. Kane, and Sir John Franklin when they went to the far north to try and find the open polar sea; or see how Dr.

Livingstone travelled through Africa, and how Stanley went to find him, when we all thought that he was lost, and went directly through the Dark Continent, from one ocean to the other,—up dreadful rivers, and amid fierce and hostile tribes, fighting his way through and through all sorts of difficulties, with his little band of men, and his boat, the Lady Alice. Why, my dear children, the way of all great men, and of those who have been successful in the world, has been right over the Hill Difficulty.

When we are in the wrong path, or when we make our own stumbling-blocks, then the blocks in our way will only hurt us; but when we are on good and honest ground, and are trying our very best to get on, the difficulties which we overcome will give us so much additional strength. Benjamin Franklin's life as a struggling boy shows us how he had to contend with heavy obstacles in his path. What a hard time he had as an apprentice boy; and yet how manfully he struggled on. Thackeray, the great writer,

had his first story refused again and again by the publishers. When John Lothrop Motley took his History of the Dutch Republic to the English publishers they would not look at it. Charles Dickens began to write as "a penny-a-liner."

There are "Blocks in the way" all through our lives. We get into narrow places, where there seems to be no way to turn, either to the right hand or to the left; but then if we are in the right way, and pray to God to give us strength to go on, I believe, if we look long enough, we shall see some messenger from God to help us through; as Balaam, when his eyes were opened, saw the angel of God, heading him off from the wrong way, into the way he ought to go.

I trust then, my dear children, that you will not forget this story of Balaam, and the lessons it teaches us—

1st. We do not see our own stumbling-blocks.2d. We are apt to lay the blame upon others.

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3d. We must overcome the difficulties in our way, if we want to have God's blessing.

And this is all I have to say upon the subject of

BLOCKS IN THE WAY.

IV.

The Day of Glad Tidings.

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THE DAY OF GLAD TIDINGS.

"Then they said one to another, We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace: if we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will fall upon us: now therefore come, that we may go and tell the king's household."—2 Kross vii. 9.

OYS and girls always think that it is mean to keep a good thing to themselves. I remember a big boy who punched his little brother, and gave him a terrible whipping, simply because he went and told the other boys in the party, that the place where his brother and he were fishing, was a place where they had plenty of bites, and were catching a great many fish. The big boy wanted to catch the whole pondful of fish himself; the little fellow wanted the other boys to have a good time along with themselves. And he got a cuffing and a

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beating from his big brother, simply "because he went and spoiled all his fun, and couldn't keep mum about the bites."

Now the story where our text is found today, tells us of the way in which four poor miserable men, who were sick and faint and ready to die, behaved, when they found what people call "a streak of good luck." They passed in one day, from a condition of such misery, that they were welcoming death all the long and weary day, to a state of wealth, so that they were like kings; and yet they did not forget their brethren or keep all the good things to themselves. The sun of that morning rose upon four beggars, who were lepers outside the gates of Samaria, and at night, that same sun set upon four rich men, who had found all the treasures of the king of Syria, and were living in the deserted tents of the Syrian host. And yet, though these poor lepers became suddenly so rich, their good luck did not make them mean. They did then what a great many people nowadays forget to do,-they remembered their

brethren and friends in the day of their prosperity.

This is the story. It is just like a fairy tale. In the days of Elisha, the prophet who followed Elijah, about eight hundred and forty years before Christ, the city of Samaria was besieged by the Syrians. The army of the king of Syria was encamped all around the place. The poor people of Samaria could not get out of the city and escape to the country, nor could their friends from the country break through the enemy's lines, and get in to them within the gates. Then there broke out a terrible famine in the city, such as we read of in history. The people were dying of starvation, and the scenes in the streets were dreadful. If any of you children ever read Motley's History of the Dutch Republic and of the Netherlands, you will come across a wonderful description of just such a famine as this, in our own great historian's description of the siege of Harlem and the invasion of Antwerp. In Macaulay's History of England,

too, you will read a wonderful account of just such a famine, in the siege of Londonderry. In the old Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, there is a large picture of the raising of the siege of Leyden. I shall never forget the impression this picture made upon me when I was a boy, and used to go on Saturday, with the other boys, to see this picture, and Benjamin West's picture of Death on the Pale Horse. The enemy have gone; the gates are thrown open, the walls are broken down, the buildings are on fire, dead and dying people are lying about in the streets, and hungry, famished women and children, are looking like the gaunt faces of starving beasts.

This famine at Samaria, then, was as bad as it was possible for a famine to be. After the people had eaten up all they could find, they began to eat up each other. We read that as the king of Israel passed by a certain place on the wall, a woman cried out, saying, "Help, my lord, O king. And he said, If the Lord do not help thee, whence

shall I help thee? Out of the barn floor or out of the wine-press? And the king said unto her, What aileth thee? And she answered, This woman said unto me, Give thy son, that we may eat him to-day, and we will eat my son to-morrow. So we boiled my son, and did eat him: and I said unto her on the next day, Give thy son, that we may eat him; and she hath hid her son." Now when the king heard this, he did a very foolish thing, as you can see for yourselves if you turn to the sixth chapter of the Second Book of Kings. He made up his mind that Elisha the prophet should die, because he did not seem to be able to pray this famine off, or to work any miracle, for the deliverance of the city. He sent a messenger to bring Elisha into his presence, and he made a vow that his head should be taken off his shoulders the next day. When the messenger came, Elisha shut him up in a room and held him fast. Then he prophesied that on the morrow at that same hour, a measure of meal should sell for a shekel, and two measures of barley for the same price. A shekel of silver was about two shillings and sixpence, or about forty cents a bushel of meal. There was a certain nobleman standing by, who heard Elisha's prophecy; he did not believe it. I suppose he laughed or sneered at the prophet as he said, "Behold, if the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be." And Elisha answered him, "Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not eat thereof."

And now comes in our story about the four lepers. Those poor men were sitting at the gate of the city, bemoaning their fate. At last one of them proposed, that they should go out, and fall into the hands of the Syrians. Nothing worse could possibly happen to them there, than was sure to happen if they sat still in the gateway. They were bound to die of starvation if they sat where they were. If the Syrians killed them with the sword, even this was better than to die by inches, this miserable death by starvation. "Now therefore come,"

said one of them, "and let us fall unto the host of the Syrians: if they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die." So they stole out of the gate, and crept on stealthily until they came to the tents of their enemies. And then what a sight met their bewildered eyes! There was no enemy there; they had all fled, in a panic in the night. The Syrians thought they heard the noise of chariots and horses and soldiers in the dark. They thought that the Egyptians had come up to rescue the besieged city, and they left every thing, and ran for their lives. So when these four lepers came to the king's tent, they found food and drink, and plenty of gold and silver and all sorts of fine clothing. Oh how happy those hungry, starving men were! They couldn't take it all in; it seemed too good to be true. First they ate the good things, and drank the wine which they found there; then they took a lot of gold and silver and clothing, and hid them in the ground. They dug a hole, and put them

in, and marked the spot, so as to know the place, when they should come there a second time; then they sat down and rubbed their hands, to think over their good luck and all the treasures they had found so unexpectedly. They had just those feelings which boys have when they have found at last a good place where the fish are biting, and then look down the banks of the brook and see their friends standing there catching nothing, with their poles in the water, just as if they were anchored there. And then the good side of their nature came out. They thought of the poor people in the city dying of starvation, while they had found out plenty to eat and drink, and then the words of our text occur -"Then they said one to another, We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace: if we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will come upon us: now therefore come, that we may go and tell the king's household."

Now I want you to read the rest of this story for yourselves, as you will find it written out in the seventh chapter of the First Book of Kings. Then you will see how the prophecy of Elisha came true, and how the lord who had said it could only be done if God were to open windows in heaven, was appointed by the king to stand in the gateway, and was trodden to death by the crowd of people who pressed out to the deserted camp of the Syrian army—so that he saw the food, but tasted none, as the prophet had said.

This, then, is our story to-day. Now let us pass over eight hundred years, and see our Lord's disciples going back to Jerusalem, after his ascension into heaven. The world did not believe in Jesus then. The nations of the earth did not know the good news of his salvation. They were like the poor people of Samaria, shut up within the city's wall and dying of starvation there; but the apostles were bold, brave men, and they were no longer afraid of the Jews or the heathen. They were filled with the Spirit of God on the day of Pentecost, and had

the strength of their ascended Lord. People were astonished at the boldness of Peter and John, and we read in the book of the Acts, that they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus. Then the apostles began to go up and down the land, preaching the good news of the kingdom of God. Philip went down to this very Samaria, and there was a great revival there. Peter went down to Joppa, and had the vision, at the house of Simon the tanner, of the great net let down from heaven with all sorts of animals in it. Then he taught Cornelius, the Roman centurion, who found out that God was no respecter of persons. And just think what St. Paul and St. Luke and St. Mark and Timothy and Titus did! They went all over the face of Europe, as it was then known, preaching about the Saviour of the world. They did not keep this all to themselves, they told the good news to others, wherever they could find listeners. They were the first great preachers of the cross of Christ; it was their preaching

about Jesus, which converted the nations of Europe,—Germany, France, and Great Britain. If it had not been for them, we might still have been heathens. But, like the lepers of our text, the apostles said, "This day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace: if we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will fall upon us: now therefore come, that we may go and tell the King's household."

The disciples, then, felt that it was wrong in them to keep this good news to themselves. Moreover, our Lord had distinctly told them that they were to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. Jesus said, "The field is the world." Those nations which had not heard of him still belonged to him. They were all members of "the King's household." If the apostles were to wait until they knew more, or felt themselves better prepared, some mischief might fall upon them, and so they might never go at all. And with this spirit impelling them, they went up and down

the world, teaching the nations the truth of God. Their earnest feet hurried over the hot sands of the desert: mountains could not keep them back; rivers were powerless to hinder them; armed bands of hostile tribes could not prevent them. They sailed over the Mediterranean Sea, and were in perils by land and in perils by water. They were in perils among false brethren, and in perils among the heathen. They were in perils all the time, and the martyr's crown was continually before them. Yet they pressed on; they did not hold their peace; they did not wait until the morrow. They said, "This day is a day of good tidings, . . . now therefore come, that we may go and tell the King's household." And, my dear children, this is the way we ought to feel on any bright festival day, like Christmas, or Easter, or Anniversary Day, or Monthly Missionary Meeting. We ought to remember, on such a day, how much has been done for us, and we ought to be willing to do what we can, to help to carry these glad tidings to the rest of the King's household.

This subject teaches us two lessons.

I.

The first lesson of our story is this: Selfishness rots the character.

There was a rich, mean old farmer once, who had his barns filled with apples. He wanted to get a certain price for them, but he could not do this. There was no demand for these apples in the market, and there they rotted in the barn. It was very hard times in those parts, just then, and the poor country people had very little to eat; and yet that miserable old farmer preferred to let his apples rot, before he could make up his mind to give them away. But the way in which those apples, stored up in his barn rotted, wasn't a circumstance to the manner in which that mean old man's soul was withering and rotting.

There is a tower belonging to an old cas-

tle on the Rhine, called Bishop Hatto's Tower. People look out for it now, as they sail up the river Rhine on the way to Mayence. The story says—for it is an old Rhine fable—that a great many years ago, there was a famine through the country. People were dying of starvation, as these poor people of Samaria did. Bishop Hatto had plenty of corn and grain stored in his castle, but he would not part with it. The poor hungry souls pleaded for food before his castle walls; but he turned a deaf ear, and refused to give them any corn, and let them die before his castle gate. At last the castle was invaded by thousands of hungry, starving rats. They ate up every thing they could find in the castle; they used up the corn and grain, and last of all, they ate up Bishop Hatto, and only left his bones to tell the tale of his destruction. But there wasn't very much for those Rhine rats to eat up in such a man, after the selfishness and meanness of his soul had eaten all that was good out of him.

And, my dear children, it is these little sins of ours which begin to do the work of destroying the character, and thus prepare the way for larger sins. In Tennyson's poem of Vivien, which you will know some day, there is one song which Vivien sang to Merlin the Enchanter. It is this,—

"It is the little rift within the lute,

That by and by will make the music mute,

And ever widening, slowly silence all.

"The little rift within the lover's lute Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit, That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is always sad to see any thing rotting, that was made to be used. Many a bucket could have been used, if it could only have had water put into it, instead of letting it stand in the sun all the day idle, with nothing to do. Many a ship, going slowly to pieces at the dock, might have done good service if she only could have been used, instead of being left unused, fretting and chafing, and bobbing helplessly up and down,

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tied through summer's heats and winter's ice to the deserted pier. And many a nature which God made for some great purpose and work in life, has been eaten to pieces, or has rotted away, because it had nothing to do in the world, or because the sin of selfishness has utterly destroyed the character.

There was a sailor once, who went to Greenland, walrus hunting among the Esquimaux up there. He made up his mind that he would get more money on the trip than any of his companions; so he stole a skin here, and kept back money there, and at last, in this way, he had quite a bag of gold, which he tied around his waist. It was very heavy to carry, but he would not lay aside his money-belt night or day. As they were embarking in the small boat, which was to carry them to the brig in which they were to sail home, a heavy surf broke over the boat, and capsized it. The men swam out for their lives, and clung on to the boat, but this avaricious sailor was weighed down

by his heavy money-belt and was drowned. It was his selfishness and greed which sank him. And selfishness always ruins the character.

We read in the 106th Psalm, where we have a description of the waywardness and sin of the Israelites in the desert, that God "gave them their request, but sent leanness withal into their souls." That is, they had every thing they wanted, but at the same time had mean and selfish souls.

Look for instance at Napoleon Bonaparte. He was one of the most remarkable men the world has ever seen. He was wonderful in whatever he attempted to do; but he killed out his conscience very early in life, so as to let nothing on the earth, or under the earth, interfere with his plans. When his soldiers were sick in the hospitals in Egypt, it is said that he allowed poison to be given to those who were the sickest, so as to hurry them out of his way. He made his brother Jerome give up his beautiful American wife, Miss Patterson, who has

only recently died. He wanted his brother to be married to some member of one of the reigning kings' families in Europe. He divorced his true and faithful wife, Josephine, simply from motives of ambition, and thus put away the one who loved him best in the whole world. On one occasion he rebuked a soldier for stealing some bread.

"Please your majesty," replied the soldier, "I had nothing to eat, and you know I must live."

"I do not know that it is at all necessary that you should live," was Napoleon's answer.

Now, my dear children, there is nothing so killing to true character as selfishness. It is the little sin of our childhood hours, which, unless it is destroyed in time, will ruin our after life. Little children who keep saying "Me first! Me first!" in their plays—will keep on all through their lives thinking first and foremost of themselves, in every thing they undertake.

Therefore let us all beware of selfishness,

since it is like the little speck in the garnered fruit, which by and by will slowly moulder all.

II.

The second lesson of this story is—that Living for others makes us happy.

I am sure those lepers, were a great deal happier, for going back and telling the poor famished people in the city. No doubt the people in Samaria had despised these lepers, and had made them keep off by themselves. You know how it is if you have scarlet fever, or whooping-cough in your family; people don't care to have you shake hands with them; your friends see you coming, and pass by on the other side of the street, as the priest and the Levite did in the story of the Good Samaritan. And this was the way it was with these poor lepers. Nobody cared to see them; no one wanted to meet them; every one avoided them when they were seen coming along the streets. But when they came running back from the deserted camp of the Syrians, and called out, "Good news! good news! the enemy has fled! the Syrians have run away!" then, I tell you, those very people who had said before, "Get out of my way; don't you come near me," were glad enough to see them!

I have often watched a solitary log burning on a hearth. It doesn't get on very well by itself. There comes a feeble flickering flame, and a spurt of fire now and then, and a little smoke. One lonely log on the andirons is not a very cheerful sight. But now pile on the logs, one over the other, and see how the wood seems to enjoy giving out its warmth and fire. The sparks crack, and the flames leap out and wrap the logs all around, and the chimney roars as if to say, "This is just what I was made for."

And this is the way in which these poor lepers made a very distressed city, full of happy people. They gave out their warmth and cheer, as the logs give it out on the hearth. They did not keep it all to themselves.

And we ought not to keep the good news of Jesus Christ all to ourselves. If we want to be truly happy, we ought to try and send these glad tidings, to all the rest of "the King's household." God means us in this world, to have care and trouble, on purpose to fit and prepare us by discipline and patience for the life that is to come. And if people don't have trouble, then they worry and fret over imaginary troubles, until their life is miserable. Some people fret about their money; some are worried about their children; others envy their neighbors and friends, who they think are better off than they are themselves. And all this is because people live only for themselves. They are like the solitary log on the fireside, trying to make a big blaze out of itself.

But, my dear children, we can not be happy if we are selfish. We can only be truly happy in living for others. Why, just see how God has written this fact all about us in life. Go with me into a barnyard. See the old hen with her little chickens. She

lives for them; she picks up food for them; she doesn't think of herself, she thinks only of her little brood. How she will fly at you, if you try to run away with one of her chicks! All animals have this instinct of living for their young. God has put it into their nature. See how the poor distressed cow, moos for her calf, which they are taking away in a cart to the butcher's. She doesn't think of herself, or of her food; she only wants to care for her "bossy calf." Even the fierce Bengal tiger, in the jungles of India, will die before she will let one of her whelps be taken from her. And think of the birds, how they give up being gay fellows, when the time comes for them to turn to, and build their nests for the little ones. They don't get time now to sing; they have to hunt about for worms and crumbs and food so that their babies may not starve. Our own poet Bryant, has written a beautiful song about "Robert of Lincoln," or the "Bobolink," in which he describes him with his bright feathers, caring now for his family, instead of sporting himself in the sun. The bees, the ants, the birds, and the animals, all show us this law of God for all his creatures, that—living for others makes us happy. The disciples found this out when they went abroad, preaching the gospel; all God's true servants have found it out. There was Bishop Patteson down in the Melanesian Islands; he taught the men how to farm, and the women how to cook. He left England as a young man never to go home again. He left his friends and comforts and ease, and went out to the heathen, to tell them, away off among the Pacific Islands, of the glad tidings of Jesus Christ. He said he never looked forward more than a week at a time, for fear he should grow desperate, as he thought of the old life he had left, for the sake of these very people, who afterwards killed him. But his life is one of the happiest you can read about to-day—a great deal happier than hundreds of selfish people at home, who are only living for themselves.

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So then, my dear children, do what you can, and give what you can, for those of the King's household, who have not heard of the glad tidings of Jesus Christ. Remember that selfishness rots the character, and that living for others makes us happy; and let this story of the four lepers bringing the good news to the famished city of Samaria, teach us all a lesson as we too rejoice, in this day of glad tidings, and send the gospel to the rest of "the King's household."

V.

Figure-Beads.



FIGURE-HEADS.

"A ship . . . whose sign was Castor and Pollux."

Acrs xxviii, 11.

OYS always love to hang about a wharf. There is something very attractive about ships. They go so far off to foreign countries, there are so many stories about sailors and shipwrecks, we always love to stop on the wharves and look at the vessels there. Then, too, a wharf is always a favorite place with boys. There are barrels, and boards to roll them on, there are sugar casks and molasses casks which do leak sometimes, and need to be doctored with a long straw, and there are always boys at the end of the wharf trying hard to fish. But it is after all the ships which make a walk along the wharves so pleasant. They are so very different. Some are ugly, old-fashioned tubs 134

which look like canal boats, and some are beautiful new clippers, with sharp cutting bows and clean new white canvas. Then there are so many different kinds of steamers nowadays. When I was a boy, a steamer at a dock was a rare thing; but now there are more steamers than sailing vessels, at the piers of our large cities. Some steamers have side wheels and walking beams, or workers as the boys call them, and others are screw-propellers. Some steamers have bowsprits and are wooden ships, others look like grown-up steamboats and are iron.

There are two things about ships which boys like to look at; these are the flags and the figure-heads. The flags have their places on the masts, and at the peak, and the figure-head is generally a painted wooden image found under the bowsprit; but sometimes it is found over the rudder at the vessel's stern. All vessels do not have flags and figure-heads; but all vessels have a name, or a sign, by which they can be known and registered.

The figure-head at the vessel's bow, is generally a painted image of the person after whom the ship is named. I remember wandering over the wharves at Scarborough, away up in the North of England, and being amused with the names and figure-heads of the fishing boats up there. These boats go fishing up and down the North Sea, between England and Norway, and they are very strange-looking boats, with their round, black bows, their yellow sails and painted sterns. One boat, I remember, was named "Jane and Eliza," and there was a figurehead at the bow of two young girls; perhaps they were the skipper's daughters. One was named "Simon Peter," and another was called "John Wesley," and each of these boats had a figure-head at its bow, representing the person after whom it was named.

Now in our text to-day, we are told the name or sign of the ship, in which St. Paul and his party, sailed from the island of Melita, or Malta, on their journey to Rome. This ship was from Alexandria in Egypt, and was probably a large grain ship, such as cruised up and down the Mediterranean Sea, carrying supplies from the rich granaries of Egypt, to the many islands and cities in the Mediterranean. This was not the ship in which St. Paul was wrecked. This was the ship which carried him, from the island of Melita, where they had been wrecked, to the harbor of Puteoli, on his way to Rome. St. Luke, who wrote this book of the Acts, tells us that, after three months' stay at Melita, they departed in a ship of Alexandria which had wintered in the isle, "whose sign was Castor and Pollux." I suppose this means that her name was Castor and Pollux, or that she had these names written upon her flag or pennant, or else that this ship had Castor and Pollux as her figure-heads.

The ancient ships, or triremes, as they were sometimes called, were built with high sterns and bows or prows. These prows very often had great brass and iron beaks on them, sometimes resembling the beak of an eagle,

or the mouth of a dragon, or the jaw of a lion, or the tusk of an elephant or wild boar. Vessels were very often in those days, named after the gods and goddesses of the Greeks. Sometimes they were put under their care, and then they made some sign, or hung out some pennant, or cut out some ornament in the ship, in order to show that the vessel was under the protecting care of this divinity. This was called the vessel's sign or name.

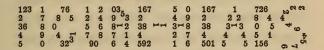
So this boat, in which St. Paul and his companions made the rest of their journey, was named after, or put in the care of, these two heathen gods. The vessel's sign, or figure-head, or name, was "Castor and Pollux." If any of the citizens of Melita had said to St. Paul, "Well, sir, in what vessel do you expect to sail to Rome?" he would have replied, "Why, in the Castor and Pollux—that large grain ship from Alexandria, which has been here for three months at this island!"

Castor and Pollux were two heathen gods.

They were said to be the sons of Jupiter. Castor was supposed to be the god of horsemen, and charioteers and fast horses, and Pollux was the patron of boxing. He was a great pugilist, or fisticuff fighter. Pollux was supposed to be immortal, but Castor was killed in a certain battle of the gods, whereupon his brother Pollux offered to share his fate, dying and reviving every day.

You know how in every farmer's almanac, there are the signs of the zodiac,—"the ram, the bull, the heavenly twins," and all the rest of them. Well, the sign of the gemini, or the twins, is the sign of Castor and Pollux. There are certain stars named after these gods, so that they are well-known terms in astronomy; for along with the sign of the fishes, and the water-carrier, and the crab, is the sign of Castor and Pollux, these twin sons of Jupiter.

But it makes very little difference whether this sign of Castor and Pollux was a flag, or a figure-head, or a sign of the zodiac in astronomy, it gave a name to the ship in which St. Paul sailed to Rome, and this gives us as our sermon to-day—the subject of



I.

And, first of all, I would say, that figureheads are wooden things. You know perfectly well what these wooden heads or signs are. You must have seen them on ships, or in front of certain stores, such as tobacco stores, where wooden Indian chieftains, or maidens, are represented as offering cigars for sale. There is a wooden image of an old sailor, in front of a nautical store in State Street, Boston, where compasses, and ship goods are sold, which the inscription says has been standing there since the year 1710. These figure-heads, are signs of what are to be had inside. They do not tell us any thing; they are only signs, or symbols, or painted pictures, of what is to be found within. They are only wooden images—they have no insides or works.

A Sunday-school teacher was once asking her scholars what the works of the devil meant. One of the class had said in her catechism, that at her baptism, her sponsors had promised that she should renounce the devil, and all his works.

"Now, Jane," said the teacher, "what do you understand by 'his works'?"

Jane's father was a clockmaker, and she had often seen him mending clocks and watches, and talking about the "works" of the clock. So Jane, after thinking a moment, said, "Please, ma'am, I think it must be what he has got inside."

The children all laughed at poor little Jane for her funny answer; but Jane wasn't very far wrong after all. The works of the devil are those things which the devil has planned, or contrived for us to do. They are his inward and evil suggestions, and these desires or impulses for wrong-doing, are just like the works of a clock. They

work out of sight, and behind the face of the clock; but the hands of the clock tell us what time it is, and show us just how the works are working inside. A mere figurehead clock has got no works or insides; a mere painted devil carved out of a block of wood, can do us no harm, just as a painted image or god of the heathen, can do them no good, simply because it is an idol, and has got no inside or soul.

When the English government opened the ports of China, in the opium war, thirty years ago, the Chinese mandarins and notables, were very much impressed with the wonderful doings of the English fleet; they thought the English war-steamers, with their smoke and their guns, were far ahead of their own vessels.

So the emperor of China sent for some ship-builders, and told them they must go to work at once, and make some Chinese war-steamers, just like those of the English. This was a hard thing to do, but they set to work as well as they knew how. They

took some old junks, and cut holes in their sides, and ran wooden logs out, to represent the guns of the English; then they put a large wooden pipe in the middle of the junk, and made smoke on the deck, with wet hay and straw, and set a number of coolies, or slaves, to work pushing this Chinese steamer along with poles.

Now, my dear children, those Chinese warvessels were figure-head vessels. They were wooden things all the way through; they had no insides or works. They were only signs or symbols of real ships. The figure-head part of them was all pretty enough, but then there was no reality to the ships; they could not fight, or steam, or sail.

And here is where our first lesson comes in to-day—Figure-heads are only wooden things.

Dear children, be real boys and girls now, and then you will be real men and women when you grow up. Do not be wooden things; don't have outside manners, "company manners" as they are called, and then when you are alone or only with your family

be ugly and disagreeable. Remember the Chinese war-vessels, which had no machinery inside, and could not therefore go. Don't get into the way of looking only at the surface of things. I knew a boy once, who would not keep himself clean; but he put on clean collars and cuffs, and buttoned up his coat, and every body thought he was clean, when he was far from it. His cleanliness was only a figure-head cleanliness.

Figure-heads are only pretty things for the surface, when there are other things to accompany them, which are necessary.

Suppose a captain should be willing to go to sea with a figure-head under his bowsprit, and a flag flying at his peak, but without any compass, rudder, chart, or ballast,—what would we think of him? And yet there are many people out in the world to-day, who are willing to be ignorant, foolish, wicked—only they do not want to be thought so.

Dear children, be real and true in what you do. Don't be mere wooden figure-heads. Have some works, or machinery, or life with-

in you, as well as the painted sign or image of the life on the outside. Remember the wooden figure-head at the door of the shop, or on the bow of the ship, is not what is in the shop or ship; it is only a sign or picture of what is there.

An old minister was once speaking of two young men, who thought they had a call to preach, and wanted to study for the ministry.

"Now," said he, "there are James and Alexander,—both good young men,—but then we know, that they have got all the goods in their shop, in the shop window."

He meant by this, that every thing they had was for show, and was on the outside, where people could see it. Remember the first lesson of this sermon,—Figure-heads are wooden things,—and don't you have every thing on the outside; don't be superficial and wooden, as the Chinese junks were when they had wooden pipes and wooden guns, and yet were supposed to be real steamers by the men who made them!

II.

Secondly: Figure-heads are only for ornament.

Ornaments are very pretty things to have about one's house; but they are not necessary things. We can live perfectly well, without paintings and bronzes and fine curtains. It would be very foolish to go out and buy ornaments for your mantel-piece, when there was no coal in the cellar, and no flour, or coffee, or tea, or sugar, in the kitchen. It would be just like buying a painted figure-head for a vessel, when there was no money to buy the canvas to make her sail. There are some things in life which are necessary and essential, and there are other things which are very pretty and ornamental, but which are not at all necessary. I have often been struck with this at a photographer's. People come there to have their likeness taken. What they want is to have a true and speaking copy of their face, with its natural expression. And then they begin to

sit. First of all the photographer puts a screw thing behind their heads, and then he pulls away the blue shade, to let the sun in, and then he bends the arms, and puts all one's ten fingers right in front, in the lap; by this time the sun makes a person's eyes weak and dim, unless he has an eye like an eagle's; then he arranges the folds of the lady's dress, and the lady is very anxious that her collar and necklace and diamond ring shall be taken; then the person tries to look pleasant, or interesting, and tries not to think of any thing, looking right into the brass tube of the camera, and thinking all the while, of how the picture will look. Then, when it is all over, and it is touched up and painted, it is a beautiful picture. The diamond ring is there, and the necklace is there, and the folds of the silk dress are beautiful; but the face is spoiled, by all this time and attention that has been spent upon the ornamental part of the picture. I believe that the only way to take a picture, is to take the face first quickly, and then to take the dress, and all the outside fixings afterwards. As it is now, we only get figure-head pictures, where people think more of the ornamental, than of the necessary part of the photograph.

Now, it is well enough in life to like pretty things, and to have an eye for the beautiful; but we must first have that which is necessary and useful, before we go hunting for that which is ornamental. Some people want fine clothes and houses and horses, before they have got the necessary money to pay for them, and then, thinking only of these ornamental figure-heads to their lives, they run into debt, and fail, and come to grief and trouble. Dear children, remember this rule—"Nothing is necessary that we can not pay for." A man can sail his ship without any flag, or sign, or pennant, or figure-head. These things can not make the ship go. They are pretty enough as ornaments, when the vessel is sailing; but the captain and the owners and the passengers, could get along perfectly well without them. I don't believe St. Paul stopped very long, to think about the name or sign of the vessel, in which he was to sail for Rome. It did not make much difference to him whether the ship had a figure-head or not. This figure-head was not an essential thing. But St. Paul, after his last shipwreck, would never have sailed in the "Castor and Pollux" if she had no rudder, or canvas, or ballast, on board. These were necessary and useful things; the flags and the figure-heads were only ornamental things.

Some time ago, in the Crimean war, or the war which England, France, and Turkey waged against Russia, there was a great deal of suffering and privation among the British troops. Their supplies of food and clothing failed to reach them, and they were left to suffer for the want of them. One cold night, two poor fellows were shivering around their camp-fire, trying to toast their feet and smoke their pipes, when one said to the other,

"Never mind, old fellow, when we get

home, the queen will give us a gold medal for our service."

"That's very well in its way," replied the other one; "but suppose by that time we've got no coat to tie the gold medal on to?"

The coat was the necessary thing, and the medal was only the ornamental thing; one was the ship, the other was only the ornamental figure-head which adorned the ship.

So then, my dear boys and girls, learn to choose in life between that which is useful, and that which is only ornamental; and if you can not have both, take that which is useful, and let that which is ornamental wait, until you can get it. When you have money to spend; when you go shopping for yourself, or for others; when you buy books, presents, or clothes,—learn to choose between that which is solid and that which is unnecessary and superficial. Get into the way of knowing a good thing, when you see it; learn to form principles which will guide you, in the many cases which will come be-

fore you for a decision; learn to know a useful and necessary thing from a merely fanciful and ornamental one, just as a ship-captain knows that a rudder is for use, and a figure-head is only for ornament.

III.

Thirdly: I would say that, Figure-heads represent other people.

In Greece and Rome, in ancient times, the heathen divinities were represented in many different ways. Minerva, or the goddess of wisdom, was always represented as being clad in mail, with a helmet and a spear. Neptune was painted, as dashing through the waves, in a chariot drawn by three horses, while he himself was armed with a trident, or three-pronged harpoon. Jupiter was always represented as sitting upon a great throne, with a sceptre in his hand. Castor was represented as driving a chariot, and Pollux always appeared with his fists doubled up for a fight. And the different idols or

images of these gods, always represented them in their own peculiar manner. The helmet was the sign of Minerva; the sceptre was the sign of Jupiter; the trident was the sign of Neptune; the chariot was the sign of Castor; and the boxing gloves were the sign of his twin brother, Pollux.

We can not tell just what this sign was, that was on the ship from Alexandria, in which St. Paul sailed from Melita. But. whatever the sign was, it did not stand for itself; it stood for these twin gods, Castor and Pollux. All signs, symbols, figure-heads, and flags stand for something else. The American flag is only a piece of red-white-and-blue bunting, and yet it stands for the union of states, which make up the Republic of our land. The red flag of England, with its St. Andrew's cross, represents the union of England, Ireland, and Scotland, which make up the Kingdom of Great Britain. And in the same way, the American Eagle stands for America, and the Lion stands for John Bull, or England. These signs or symbols do not

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stand for themselves; they represent other people.

There was a very humorous clergyman once, who used to do odd things, and get a great deal of fun out of those things which troubled and perplexed other people. Among the poor people in his parish was a sort of half-witted man named John McKay.

John used to keep coming to the minister for money, and for work all the time. He would spend the money as soon as it was given to him, and never did the work rightly. After trying all sorts of ways to make the man go rightly, as you try to fix a clock that stops or runs too slow or too fast, the minister gave up in despair. At last he said, "Well, John, I've made up my mind to give you three dollars a month, on these two conditions, if you will promise to keep them. I am going to pay you simply to be a figure-head in my church. You're a wiselooking man, John," he continued; "that is when you keep your big round spectacles on; and you look very much like Rev. Dr. Jones.

Now, John, you are to take your place in the front seat in the gallery, and are to sit leaning forward, looking at me all the time I am preaching. You see the people downstairs will all think that you are Rev. Dr. Jones, from the divinity school, and when they see you in the gallery, listening so attentively to me, all through my sermon, they will think that there must be really something very fine in it, and they will listen too. That is one condition. The other condition is, that you are never to come to me for any more money. You are only a figurehead, you are only a decoy duck, to make the other people listen; figure-heads and decoy ducks never speak, they simply look pleasant." So John consented to take three dollars a month simply to be a figure-head, and represent a certain doctor of divinity from the seminary; and the minister said the money was well spent, for he was always sure, on the rainiest day, to have one wise-looking, attentive listener, in the gallery.

John McKay was a figure-head and a de-

coy duck. That is, he didn't represent himself—he represented somebody else. A figure-head on a ship stands for, or is the sign of, the person or thing after which it is named. The sign or figure of Castor and Pollux, was the representation of Castor and Pollux in some way, on this Alexandrian ship. A decoy duck is only the wooden representation of a duck, put in the water, on purpose to deceive the ducks as they fly over it, and make them want to alight, and join what seems to be the other ducks in the water. So I say that the third lesson this subject teaches us is, that figure-heads represent other people.

Now, dear children, don't imitate other people, except in trying to be good; try to be yourself, and develop the powers God has given you, without striving to be like other people.

Some years ago there were people who thought they looked like Napoleon Bonaparte: and they used to fold their arms, and look from under their eyebrows, and let a lock of hair come down on their fore-heads, just as Napoleon used to do. Some time ago there were a number of young ministers in England, who imitated a certain distinguished preacher there. They used to speak like him, and make gestures like him, and imitated him in every way. And a certain very bright author said of these vain young men that they "imitated the contortions of the sybil, but lacked her inspiration."

You know in old times in Greece, when people would go up to the shrines of the oracles, to consult the priestesses of Apollo, these sybils, or priestesses, would sit upon a tripod, over an opening in a cavern, from which ascended the smoke or vapor of what was supposed to be the lower world. Then the intoxicated priestess, breathing these fumes, would rattle off her answers, making at the same time the most astonishing gestures and contortions. So it was easy enough to imitate the contortions of the priestess,—any body could go through these

outward pranks,—but it was not possible for every body to speak, as she was speaking, under what was supposed to be an inspiration from the gods.

Simon Peter once said to Jesus, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" looking around, at the same time, to the disciple John. Our Lord had just been telling St. Peter what he was to do, and Peter supposed that because he was to do a certain thing, his friend and companion, John, must do the same thing. But Jesus said, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me." What Jesus meant by these words was this-Peter must do his work in his way, and John must do his work in his own way; neither of them was to imitate the other. Simon Peter was soon to die a cruel death, and it might be that John was to live on and on, until Jesus should come again a second time; but neither of them could do the other's work: each disciple was to follow his Master, but neither of them was to imitate the other.

There was a boy once, who began to read the biographies of some of the great and good men, in the Christian Church. He thought it would be a good thing to be like them. So he began to be like Henry Martyn, for his was the first biography he read. He began to keep a diary, and put down every thing in it that he thought was religious. He bought a book of prayers, and read for an hour every day in his Bible. and tried to do just what Henry Martyn, the missionary to India, did. At last his mother sent for the doctor. "Jamie was not well," she said. The doctor felt his pulse. and looked at his tongue, and gave him some medicine. In a day or two, he came to see him again; but still he was not well; something was the matter with Jamie. "What could it be?" the doctor asked. At last the doctor inquired what he had been reading and studying; and then it all came out. He was unwell from too much biography; his diary, and his imitation of the life of the great missionary were too much for him. He was trying to imitate the life and feelings of another, and it had actually made him sick.

If any of you children have ever read that very funny book, called "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," you will remember how it was that Alice asked the Mock Turtle, when he was dancing with the Griffin on the sand, why it was, that he was crying all the time he was dancing.

"I am crying," replied the Mock Turtle, "to think that after all that I can do, I can never become a real turtle."

Children, be real children—be real men and women; don't be mock turtles, or mere decoy ducks, or wooden figure-heads, representing other people.

IV.

The fourth and last lesson this subject teaches us is—that figure-heads show us our ruling ideas.

When a man honors God's name, and God's

word, and his day, the ruling idea in that man's life is reverence for God and obedience to his will. But when a man swears, and blasphemes, and disobeys God's laws, we know that the ruling principle in that man's heart is sin.

I remember a minister, up in the Adirondack country, who preached to the fishermen and country people in those back woods. He was preaching about the Christian, shining as a light in the midst of a wicked and perverse generation. It was a very rough-looking congregation, and this minister was trying to get these people to make a profession of their faith in God. At last he said, "My brethren, I went down to Keeseville the other week, and there I saw a new shop. I couldn't tell what kind of a store it was. At first I thought it was a grocery shop, and then I thought it was an apothecary's shop, and then again it looked something like a hardware store. At last I went in, and the proprietor came forward and said, 'Well, elder, how do you like our new store?' 'First-rate,' said I; 'only, neighbor, why don't you hang your sign out, so as to let a person know what kind of a shop you keep?' Now, my brethren," he concluded, "why don't you hang your sign out? Why don't you let the world know who your Master is? Why don't you 'come out on the Lord's side'?"

"To let, inquire within," is a sign we often see on houses which are advertised to rent. This means that we can find out all we want to know about the house, if we will only take the trouble to inquire. It is an outward and visible sign of an inward fact; but the outward sign—the notice—leads us to the inward fact, the state and terms of the house. And so it is with all signs and symbols; they not only represent other things than themselves, they show us the ruling ideas or principles of which they are only the images.

A drum-major, waving his wand at the head of a band of music in a street procession, does not only represent himself,—

he is a pretty fine figure-head to be sure, -but he represents the ruling idea of the band of music, which is harmony and headship. He waves his gold-headed staff back and forth, and has a great deal of pomp and parade; but, after all, the drum-major of a band, and the leader of an orchestra, represent something more than themselves-they represent the order, time, and measure of the music which the band or the orchestra play.

I suppose this sign of Castor and Pollux, on the ship in which St. Paul sailed for Rome, showed the ruling idea of the persons who owned the ship. They believed in the gods of horsemanship and boxing. You know there are men who read and think of nothing but horse-racing, and boat-racing, and boxing exhibitions, and dog shows. It is very surprising how the fact of being much with horses and horse-jockeys spoils men. You put men and horses together. and let them talk and think of nothing but horses and horse-racings, and the men will grow depraved, and the horses will grow better. The horses seem to take off the qualities of the men, just as iron will take off the qualities of the magnet.

I fear that "the sign of Castor and Pollux," in St. Paul's day, had degenerated into a meaning, something like our horse-racing and boxing and boat-racing exhibitions, where men drink and bet and swear. The ship was named after the head horse-man and the head boxer in the world. That was, after all, the ruling idea which the sign of Castor and Pollux meant, at least in St. Paul's day.

The sign of the anchor means hope, we know, and the image of a heart means love, and the cross means faith; all these signs show us the ruling ideas of those things for which they stand.

And we, my dear children, ought to represent something real and true in our lives; for our lives must mean something. They must represent that which is evil, or that which is good, or that which is poor and

weak, and has got no character at all. Our lives represent that which is behind our lives,—just as the chameleon reflects the color of the substance he is on, and the food he is eating. Therefore we ought to be careful how we live and think and act, for our lives are signs of that which is within, in the soul, just as the sign and the figure-head in front of the shop, tell us the character of the store, and what we may expect to find there.

Remember, then, these four lessons of our subject,—

1st. Figure-heads are wooden things.

2d. Figure-heads are for ornament.

3d. Figure-heads represent other people; and,

4th. Figure-heads show us our ruling ideas.

Every nation has its sign or motto. In old times every great family used to have its sign, or armorial bearing as it was called. This was called heraldry because it was announced or called out by a herald. The motto of the great earl of Douglas, was a hard motto. It was this, "Thou shalt want, ere I want." This was written on his shield, and over his coat of arms.

Dear children, what is our sign or motto—the sign of our faith, the name of our ship in which we are to sail towards heaven? It is not any heathen name, such as this "sign of Castor and Pollux." It is the cross of Jesus Christ our Saviour, which is the Christian's sign, for it is only by this that we can be saved.

In Hoc Signo-"In this sign" we conquer.

v1. Jealousy.



JEALOUSY.

"Thou never gavest me a kid."—St. Luke xv. 29.

SUCCESS very often makes us selfish. Sorrow very often makes us sympathizing. When the first Napoleon was at the height of his power, he said, "It is a saying that man proposes and God disposes, but I shall do both." When he was a sad and lonely exile at St. Helena, and felt that he could no longer propose for himself, or dispose of his fate, he felt very kindly and very much softened towards his enemies, and those who were opposed to him. Success made him selfish: sorrow made him sympathizing; and this is the way it is with the most of us. We read in one place in the Bible that "Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked." This means that when his spirits were proud and exalted he rebelled. A starved horse does not feel like kicking or running away; it is the horse which has been fed high with oats, who paws the ground and carries on like a wild thing.

It is a great thing in this world to stand up under our troubles and sorrows; it is a great thing to be able to stand our successes, and not to be made proud and selfish and unsympathizing.

We all know this parable where our text is found to-day. It is the story of the Prodigal Son.

When the publicans and sinners, those who were supposed to be the wickedest people in the land, came to hear Jesus speak, he told them a story to suit their case. Jesus always chose his parables to suit his hearers. These miserable people, these sinners, who were all outside the Church, wanted to hear what Jesus would have to say to them. Then Jesus told them the parable of the Prodigal Son, beginning with those wonderful words, "A certain man had two sons."

We all know this story. The elder brother staid at home with his father, and was a dutiful son; the younger brother asked his father to divide the family property, and then he went far away from home, and fell into sin and wickedness, and came to want. At last he resolved to go back to his father. He confessed his sins, and asked for forgiveness, and was welcomed by his father, back to the old home; but when the elder brother drew near the house, and heard the sounds of music and joy, and found out that there was a feast for his long-lost prodigal brother, instead of being glad and thankful that the lost one was found, he was angry, and would not go in. Then when the father went out to beg him to come in, this elder brother showed a very wrong spirit. Instead of thinking of his brother, he thought only of himself; instead of being rejoiced that the poor wanderer had been found, he thought only of the expense of the feast which was given to him. He said to his father, "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends."

Now this elder brother was jealous, and the subject of our sermon to-day is—

JEALOUSY.

It was not to teach the poor sinners, who came to hear him, the sinfulness of jealousy, that Jesus told them this parable of the Prodigal Son; this is only one of the side lessons of the subject. Our Lord wanted to explain to these poor sinners, that they were like the younger son of this story. He wanted to tell them that their Father in heaven, was ready and willing to receive them, just as soon as they would turn, and repent, and go back. to their loving Father. But, as he went on explaining their state, this lesson of jealousy came out; for the Jews were like this eldest son in the parable. They had been God's chosen people before, but now that the outside world was being called in to share in the blessings of the light and knowledge



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of God, this dreadful spirit of jealousy appeared. The Jews were like the eldest son in this story: the Gentiles were like the poor Prodigal; for the Jews were jealous of the Gentiles and did not want to have them brought in to the kingdom of Jesus.

So, then, it is about Jealousy I want to speak to you to-day.

It is a hard, selfish, miserable spirit, and it will ruin our characters unless we get it out by the roots. It makes us cold and unsympathizing, and it is a dreadful curse in any life, to have this spirit of jealousy there.

Jealousy is like a disease, or a defect of vision. We think that the trouble is outside of us, with other people and other things; but, after all, the trouble is in ourselves, and not in other people.

I read the other day, in a paper, a story which, though it was not true, was funny. This story said, that a poor farmer let out half of his barn to a carpenter, because the times were so hard. He had great difficulty in buying grain and hay for his horse;

so he used to give his horse the shavings which the carpenter made from planing, and then he tied green spectacles on his horse's head, so that the horse saw the green shavings and took them for grass! Well, my dear children, this spirit of jealousy is just like looking through green glasses; every thing looks colored. You know jealousy is called a "green-eyed monster." It makes every thing look distorted and ugly. Or it is just like the chills and fever, or the ague and malaria, which we have in some parts of the country. When a person has the ague, or is suffering from malaria, every thing looks dark and dreadful. I remember a man who was working for me once, who was seized with a chill, or fit of ague. The day was very warm, but he chattered as if he was sitting on an iceberg, though I took him to the kitchen fire, and gave him hot drinks and hot bottles, and wrapped him up in heavy blankets. The trouble was not with the day or the work; the trouble was all in himself. The disease was in his very

bones, and it made every thing look black, and feel cold and shivering to him.

And this is just the way it is with jealousy. It is in us, just as a disease or an ague is in us. It makes us feel cold towards those about us; it makes every thing look green and different, just as the shavings in the horse-trough, looked green to that poor lean horse with the green glasses on.

There is danger of our feeling jealous to those about us in our every-day life; but the greatest danger of all is when we find it at work in our homes. Even the brethren of Jesus were jealous of him. They wouldn't believe that he was a prophet, and could do any great works, so that Jesus himself said, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and among his own kinsfolk." Our Lord meant by this, to teach us the fact which we all feel at times in our own souls—that we are very apt to look at our relatives through the green glasses of jealousy. Look for instance at the story of Joseph and his brethren. We are told that they hated

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him because of his dreams. It was jealousy which made them put him into the pit, and then sell him for thirty pieces of silver, to the Midianite merchantmen. It was jealousy which made them get up the cruel story, about his being torn in pieces by the wild beasts which were in the desert, and then show their father his coat of many colors, all stained with blood. They could not see any thing good in their younger brother; they had on the green glasses of this cruel curse; they had this dreadful malaria, this ague-like hatred, deep in their souls. All they thought of was themselves first of all. They were like the elder brother in the parable of the Prodigal Son, who only thought about himself, and, instead of bidding his brother a glad welcome home, only reproached his father with these selfish, jealous words,-"Thou never gavest me a kid."

I.

First of all, then, I would say—that jealousy makes us unhappy.

There is no pleasure in being jealous; there is no comfort or joy in picking out the flaws in other people's characters or actions. When this elder brother, in the parable, said, "Thou never gavest me a kid," he was thinking first of all of himself; it made him unhappy that his father, and the whole family, were happy over something in which he did not have a share. He was thinking only about himself, not about his poor forlorn brother, who had come home again; and it always makes us unhappy to be thinking continually about ourselves. Jealous people always want to be first in every thing, and it is because other people are praised or admired, that they show this jealous spirit, with reference to them.

The old Italian painters, who were many of them very vain and jealous men, used to paint themselves in among the saints, and 176

then would paint the faces of their rivals, or their enemies among the wicked. There was one man in Rome whom the great painter Michael Angelo hated very much, so he painted his face down in one corner of hell, in his famous picture of the Last Judgment, in the Vatican at Rome.

There was a certain French painter who was very jealous of his companions. One day he was showing off their paintings in a picture gallery—pointing out the defects and flaws in them to a friend. At last he said,

"Zere air only zree great painters left in ze world now."

"Who are they?" inquired his friend.

"I am one," replied the artist; "I have forgotten ze names of ze uzzer two!"

Now, my dear children, such jealousy as this, makes us very unhappy in our own souls. Only to be thinking of ourselves, wanting to be first at all times and in all places, being envious and jealous of other people all the time, is very poor, miserable work. Children, who go out to com-

panies and little parties, can never be happy if they keep thinking all the time, "She is dressed prettier than I am"; or, "She received more compliments and favors than I did." Why, dear children, this spirit of jealousy has made homes unhappy, and has separated families, and has divided churches, and put nations at variance with each other, and has brought on cruel wars, in which thousands of poor soldiers have been slain or mangled for life. In the days of Queen Anne in England, there were terrible battles between the English and the French, simply because certain women who influenced the duke of Marlborough, the great English general, and certain women who influenced the French King Louis XIV., were jealous of each other, and wanted to have their own way. Perhaps you may have read those lines by the poet Southey, beginning,

"It was a summer's evening,
Old Caspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun."

His little grand-children in their plays had found a skull, and they wanted to know what it meant. And then he told them about the dreadful battle of Blenheim, which had been fought over the meadows before them, and said to little Peterkin and Wilhelmine, when they asked why people killed each other in battle,

"Things like this you know must be At every famous victory."

And this was all because of jealousy. There is one book in the Bible which gives us a wonderful story about jealousy. It is the book of Esther. Ahasuerus, the king of Persia, honored his prime minister, Haman, and made him the greatest man in his kingdom, next to himself. But there was one man of whom Haman was jealous. This was just like having the green glasses on all the time; this was like having a chill in the bones, when the weather was warm. Haman went home from a banquet given to him by the king, "and sent for his friends,

and Zeresh his wife." And, we read that "Haman told them of the glory of his riches, and the multitude of his children, and all the things wherein the king had promoted him, and how he had advanced him above the princes and servants of the king. Haman said moreover, Yea, Esther the queen did let no man come in with the king unto the banquet that she had prepared but myself; and to-morrow am I invited unto her also with the king. Yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew, sitting at the king's gate." Now this was exactly the same spirit, which the elder brother had in the parable of the Prodigal Son, when he said, "Thou never gavest me a kid." It made Haman so unhappy to see this poor old Jew, Mordecai, that nothing else in the world delighted him, so long as he thought of that one man of whom he was jealous.

You all know the rest of the story—how he asked the king to build a gallows fifty cubits high, on which to hang Mordecai, and how at the last, he himself was hanged on the very gallows he had built for his rival. Depend upon it, my dear children, jealousy makes us all very unhappy in our own souls.

II.

Secondly: Jealousy makes other people unhappy.

It is not pleasant to other people to be always talking about our ill-health, our headaches, or bad feelings; other people get tired of this kind of talk. I know an old man who, when I go to see him, always begins to talk about the last ride he expects soon to take to Mount Auburn in a hearse. He has talked this way for fifteen years, and yet he is in very good health to-day! Now it makes other people unhappy, for us to be always talking of such unpleasant things. And it makes other people unhappy when we give way to this wretched feeling of jealousy. Just think what a cold, wet

blanket, this elder brother threw upon that supper party. The minstrels were playing, and the young people were dancing, and every one was delighted to have the poor Prodigal home again, and a tear of joy was in the old father's eye, and a tremulous tone of gladness in his voice—and then this jealous elder brother cast a gloom over the whole affair, by being angry, and not going in, as he sulked off by himself, muttering these words, which showed the spirit he was in, "Thou never gavest me a kid." How unhappy this spirit made them all feel! It was like the ghost of the murdered Banquo, sitting at the feast of Macbeth, as you will read it some day in Shakespeare's play of Macbeth.

This jealousy gets into families and makes coolness first, and then feuds afterwards. Sometimes it takes generations for it to get out of the family blood. It is the very spirit of the Evil One; it brings a curse with it, whenever it is indulged in. You know there is an old saying, that "curses,

like chickens, always come home to roost." Did you ever watch a lot of chickens around a barnyard? They go off very bravely in the morning, and you think that is the last of them, and that they will surely never get back. But as soon as the afternoon sun begins to slant, the old rooster cocks his eye up at the sun, and stretches his neck in the tall grass, and gives a crow and a cluttering sort of talk, and appears to be very much alarmed, and then they move along to the hen-roost, and are safely in their places on the roosts by sundown. And just as surely as chickens find their way back to the barnyard, the evil things that we do in this world return to trouble and to plague us.

There is the story of Homer's Iliad. It is all about the curse of jealousy. The kingdom of Troy was destroyed, and thousands of lives were lost, all because Paris, the Trojan prince, was jealous that Menelaus, the Grecian leader, should have the beautiful Helen, whom he wanted for his wife.

Last summer, when I was in the north of

Scotland, I went to the famous pass of Glencoe, away up in the Highlands. It is a dark and gloomy valley, with overhanging rocks, and deep chasms extending far into the mountains. A more lonely, bleak, and desolate valley it would be hard to imagine. It was in this secluded valley that the clan of the MacDonalds was massacred by the Camerons in the time of George III. These feuds and struggles between the Scotch tribes, were all brought on by envyings, and bickerings and jealousies. One chieftain became jealous of another, and one tribe would envy another, until at last, in their savage hates, they would try to massacre and exterminate each other. And all this was because of this wretched spirit of jealousy, which made them unhappy themselves and made the other tribes unhappy, a spirit which is best expressed by this complaint of the elder brother, when he said in his pettishness and envy, "Thou never gavest me a kid."

III.

Thirdly: Jealousy grows unless it is plucked up by the roots.

You know there are some things which seem to grow of themselves, without being planted or cared for, and if you cut them down, they only grow up the faster. I can remember, as a boy, playing hide-and-seek in the tall asparagus tops, which were just like a little wilderness of green. And the more we used to cut them down with our sickles,-for we used to play that we were United States cavalry charging on the Indians,—the thicker the asparagus seemed to grow in two or three weeks' time. And so it is with the wild vines, that grow in the country lanes, and over rocks, and stone walls. Nobody ever planted those wild blackberry and raspberry vines, and yet how sweetly the berries taste, and how vigorously the vines grow; and the only way to destroy them is to pluck them up by the roots, not merely to cut them down by the branches.

And jealousy grows in this same way, unless it is plucked up by the roots, and taken out of the nature. It hurts us and keeps us miserable, just in the way a growling tooth does. We all know how miserable it is to have a growling, aching tooth. First we try to put cotton in it; then we put warm water there; then we nurse it up, and put laudanum and camphor on it; then we sit before the fire, and tie up our faces in a cloth, and say, -"Dear me! Dear me!" "Oh my face!" "Oh how it hurts!" "What shall I do!" All this time our face is as large, and round, and swollen, as the face of the man in the moon when the moon is full. And then, at last, after we have suffered days and nights of pain and agony, we make up our minds to go to the dentist, and he puts an ugly, black-looking instrument into our mouth, and there is one cr-u-n-c-h, and out the old root comes. But it's better, after all, having one hollow place in one's head, than to have all that burning, shooting pain there.

And, my dear children, the only thing to

do with jealousy, which is just like a bad tooth in one's jaw, is to pluck it up, and cast it out by the roots. It is like a tumor that will kill us unless it is taken away by the surgeon's knife; it is like the mortification which sets in after some broken limb or some wound; it will kill our soul just as the tumor or the inflammation, if not checked, will destroy our body. It does not stand still: it either grows worse, or it stops because it is taken out of our system altogether.

There was a very humorous clergyman in England once, named Sydney Smith. He was always saying bright and witty things. One time he was speaking of a certain nobleman, who never could see any thing funny, and had to have every joke explained. "Ah," said Sydney Smith, "it takes a surgical operation to get a joke into his brain." And, my dear children, sometimes it takes almost a surgical operation, to get the spirit of jealousy out of some people, it is imbedded so deeply in their nature. And yet we must suffer something, and make every sacrifice

to get it out; for unless we do pluck it out by the roots, it will live and grow and make headway in our souls. Our Lord's words are —and they sound very much like a surgical operation—"If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee . . . and if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell."

IV.

Fourthly: Jealousy makes us miserable in our old age.

You know how it is in the country at harvest-time. There are the stalks of yellow corn, and the great red pumpkins lying over the field. Every thing is in readiness for winter, by the time November comes. If there is no harvest by that time, there will be none afterwards. Winter is no time for a harvest: the ground is hard and the

weather is cold; snow covers the fields and the ponds are all frozen. The poet Thomson, in his famous poem on the Seasons, says, in describing winter,—

"How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!

How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends

His desolate domain."

And the world around us, my dear children, with all the moods and changes which we see in nature, is only a picture of our own souls. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." What we want to do when we are young, and when we are growing into middle age, is to learn how to grow old wisely. If we are cross, and crabbed and irritable, if we offend our friends and neighbors and relatives, they will leave us to ourselves, and we will have a lonely time of it, when we come to be old. For our parents must die and leave us; our brothers and sisters will have their own families and affairs to look after; the friends of our youth will be scattered, and if we do not plant the seeds of love, and kindness, and good-will, in those who are about us now, what can we expect from strangers in our old age?

This is our spring-time. It is the springtime of our youth, and if we do not plant in the spring, we can have no harvest in our autumn days, and we can not begin to sow in the winter of life!

When Queen Elizabeth of England came to die, she was the most wretched of mortals. She cried out from her death-bed, as she was propped up among the rich, soft pillows, "Millions of money for an inch of time." She had been a very jealous queen and woman. She was jealous of Mary Queen of Scots, and she was jealous of the earl of Essex, who was once her lover. She signed the death warrant of each of these poor victims, and they were beheaded under her sanction. She was jealous of the great earl of Leicester, and of the famous Lord Bacon. And this spirit of jealousy made her the most wretched and unhappy of beings, when she grew old, and came to die. For the spirit 190

that keeps us thinking, first and foremost, at all times and in all places, of ourselves; the spirit which declares in the midst of other people's happiness, "Thou never gavest me a kid,"—can not but make us miserable and unhappy, when we grow old and come to die.

Now then, dear children, get this malaria, this green-eyed monster, jealousy, out of you. Pray to God to help you to overcome it, just as you may pray him to help you at some recitation or school examination.

Do this because,

1st. Jealousy will make you unhappy.

2d. It will make others unhappy.

3d. It will grow on you unless it is checked at the roots; and,

4th. It will make you miserable in your old age.

So then, dear children, I beg you to get it out of your characters, through the help of God, saying, as you struggle to overcome it.

"Down with it, down with it, even to the ground."

VII.

Sunshine after Storm.



SUNSHINE AFTER STORM.

"Clear shining after rain."—II SAM. xxiii. 4.

or poem King David wrote. David was a very remarkable man; he seemed to be great in every thing he undertook, and even when he went wrong, he went astray as a great sinner. He was a good soldier, and knew all about camps and armies and battles; he was a great king and a wonderful writer of psalms. David was the most interesting poet in the Old Testament. Think how we read and sing and pray, over and over again, the beautiful psalms that he has written. Only think how many people have been helped and comforted by the words which he has written, and how many dying

ones have listened to those words, which have been to them the last familiar words they have remembered upon earth, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want"; or those opening words of the 51st Psalm, "Have mercy upon me, oh God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions."

In this chapter, where our text is found, we have David's last message to his people, and his last profession of faith in the God of his youth. He says, "The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue. The God of Israel said, the rock of Israel spake to me, He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by

Clear Shining after Rain.

What King David meant was, that any one who tried to rule men, must bring just such kind and tender influences to bear upon them, as God brought to bear upon the ground, when the green grass appeared out of the earth, by clear shining after rain. You know how it is in the spring-time. First there are the ice and snow of February; then, there is the hard, frosted ground of March; then, come the gentle rains of April, and after these the flowers of May, and the blossoms of June.

But I do not want to-day to talk to you about King David or the tender grass of spring. I only want to show you how these words came to be written, and then come to the subject of this sermon which is—

Sunshine after Storm.

I.

First of all, then, we find that, clear shining after rain, is the law of nature.

You know what is meant by the law of the state, or the law of the city, or the law of the school. It is that upon which the state or the city or the school depends. If the laws are broken, there can be no true state, or city, or school.

A boy once said to his little brother,

"Willie, go down-stairs instantly, and bring me the hammer."

"No, I won't," said Willie.

"Yes, sir, you shall," replied his brother.
"I command you to do it."

The boy had heard his father use these words to him.

"You haven't any right to command me to go," said Willie, "for I'm not your son and need not obey you; but if you say 'please,' I'll go, because you're my brother, and I am willing to help you."

Now, Willie was right. His brother had no right to command him, but he had a right to ask him. But the state, and the city, and the school, have a right to command us to do certain things, and we will be doing wrong

if we disobey. So when I say that "clear shining after rain" is one of the laws of nature, I mean that it is a principle or commandment, which God has planted in the world with regard to the weather, that after it has been storming, it must clear up again. God's laws are like an endless chain. You know how one of these endless chains hangs over a well, and brings the water up out of the spout by a series of knots. Well, it is very much in nature like this endless chain over the well: the sun draws the water from the ocean; the clouds receive these watery particles; the clouds are driven by the radiation or expanse of the heated air at the tropics; the clouds come together and get heavy; then the rain comes down on the mountains; the little rivulets seek the rivers; the rivers flow to the ocean; and then the sun draws the water up into the sky again, and the same thing is repeated. So, then, we find that sunshine after storm, is a law of the natural world. God has written this law in the very nature of the world. God

doesn't speak through the atmosphere, and say, "Please let there be sunshine after storm," God commands it, because he knows what is best, and because he has a right to command. Just as he said. "Let there be light," and there was light, so he says, or writes it in the laws of the world, "Let there be sunshine after storm," and sure enough, we find in King David's words, that there is always "clear shining after rain."

Perhaps we don't stop to think of these things as we sit in our houses and live indoors. But people who live much out in the open air, and learn to study the signs of the sky and the weather, get into the way of knowing all about these things. Take a sailor, for instance. He doesn't need any barometer to tell him about the atmosphere, or any indicator to tell him the way of the wind. He knows the meaning of every cloud in the sky and every ripple on the water. He does not need any maps of physical geography, to tell him about the different kinds of clouds in the sky; he

knows them all by heart; and very frequently is quicker in detecting the coming change, than the captain's barometer which hangs so conspicuously in the cabin.

People who live out in the open air, are always able to tell about the signs of the weather, and the meaning of the changes in the atmosphere. I remember once spending a week in Derbyshire in England, where the bleak hills were dotted with white sheep. The shepherds with their Scotch collie dogs, would sit out all day long on the rocks, and under the trees, and very frequently at lambing times, they would be up all night with the little lambs. Whenever I would ask one of these shepherds what he thought about the weather, it was always sure to be just as he had predicted. This was because these men had got into the way of studying out the laws of the weather and the clouds.

You know there is at Washington, an office known as the Weather Bureau, and weather indications are sent into this office, from the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic coast, 200

and from the lakes. The officer who has charge of this bureau, is sometimes called the "Clerk of the Weather," and sometimes he is known as "Old Probabilities,"-just as at Christmas time we speak of "Old Santa Claus." For all this weather business, though it seems very strange and mysterious, is based upon certain fixed laws, which are as sure and as unalterable as the rule of the multiplication table, that two and two must make four, or that four and four must make eight. It seems as if the sun shone when it pleased, and as if the rain came without any law or Indeed it is very hard to think of there being any law at all about the weather. We say of a person that he is "as uncertain as the weather." It seems at times, as if the wind, and the rain, and the sky, and the sea, behaved like naughty children, who get moody and angry, and come to blows, and then have their long cry out. world has its moods, just like any of us, when we are cross, or have a headache, or our shoe hurts us, or our dinner has disagreed with us.

I am sure the way a thunder-storm begins to get surly and cross and angry, and answers back, and comes to blows with the lightning, and then cries its eyes out, and seems sorry, and promises to be good, and smiles itself out with a beautiful rainbow afterwards—is just like a naughty boy going through all the stages of his badness, until he is sweet and good again. And yet, though the rain and the sunshine seem to be the most uncertain things in the world, we find that they are governed and controlled by hidden laws, and that one of these is, that sunshine must come after a storm; or that clear shining comes after rain.

And in this way, this law of nature, contained in this text of ours to-day, becomes a picture, or a map, or an object lesson, of the second truth of our subject. That truth is this—

II.

Secondly: Clear shining after rain is the law of the soul's life.

Sin and bad conduct are like the storms and bad weather of the world: pardon and peace of mind are like the clearing up after the shower; for we all have our moods and badness, just as the weather has.

I have seen a little boy act like a rainy day. First he would fret and quarrel; then he would cry and carry on; then his lips would quiver, as he came to confess his wrong; and after this, the storm would all be over, and it would be clear shining after rain.

You know how it is on an April day. The heavy thunder is heard, and the clouds gather; the lightning flashes and the rain comes down in torrents; and then, all of a sudden, it stops raining, the sun comes out, the rainbow is seen spanning the heavens, the crickets chirp, the birds sing, and every thing is fresh and beautiful and green again, "even

as a morning without clouds: the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain."

Now this is the very picture of God's forgiveness of our sins. We say in one of our hymns,—

"No sooner I my wound disclosed,

The grief that tortured me within,
But thy forgiveness interposed,
And mercy's healing balm poured in."

God's forgiveness of our sins, is just like the sunshine after the storm, of a rainy day. It drives away the fogs, and moods, and bad weather, in the soul. Just as there can be no clear, bright weather, until the sun comes out, so we can have no true peace of mind until we have confessed our faults to God, and to those whom we have sinned against.

In the Middle Ages, when the lords and knights were always at war with each other, one of them resolved to revenge himself on a neighbor who had offended him. It chanced that on the very evening when he had made this resolution, he heard that his enemy was to pass near his castle, with only a very few men with him. It was a good opportunity to take his revenge, and he determined not to let it pass. He spoke of his plan in the presence of his chaplain, who tried in vain to persuade him to give it up. The good man said a great deal to the duke about the sin of what he was going to do, but in vain. At length, seeing that all his words had no effect, he said, "My lord, since I can not persuade you to give up this plan of yours, will you at least consent to come with me to the chapel, that we may pray together before you go?" The duke consented, and the chaplain and he kneeled together in prayer. Then the mercy-loving Christian, said to the revengeful warrior, "Will you repeat after me, sentence by sentence, the prayer which our Lord Jesus Christ himself taught to his disciples?"

"I will do it," replied the duke.

He did it accordingly. The chaplain said a sentence, and the duke repeated it, till he came to the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." There the duke was silent.

"My lord duke, you are silent," said the chaplain. "Will you be so good as to continue to repeat the words after me, if you dare to do so? 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

"I can not," replied the duke.

"Well, God can not forgive you, for he has said so. He himself has given us this prayer. Therefore you must either give up your revenge, or give up saying this prayer; for to ask God to pardon you, as you pardon others, is to ask him to take vengeance on you for all your sins. Go now, my lord, and meet your victim. God will meet you at the great day of judgment."

The iron will of the duke was broken.

"No," said he, "I will finish my prayer: 'My God, my Father, pardon me; forgive me as I desire to forgive him who has offended me; lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil!'"

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"Amen," said the chaplain.

"Amen," repeated the duke, who now understood the Lord's Prayer better than he had ever done before, since he had learned to apply it to himself.

My dear children, depend upon it, forgiveness is the sunshine, after the storm in the soul. It is just like the clearing-up shower which ends the rain, and brings out the sun. When we have done wrong to our parents, or our brothers and sisters and friends, we can have no peace of mind, until we have confessed our faults, and have made it all right again with those whom we have injured. Boys call this "making up:" girls call it "kissing and being friends again." It is the same thing in essence which we call forgiveness, when we say, in the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." It is the clearing up of the soul after a storm—like the clear shining after rain.

When the young monk, Martin Luther, lay in his cell at Erfurt, stricken with severe sickness, he felt the load of his sins so strongly, that it seemed to him as if he never could be saved, or enter heaven at last. All that he tried to do—all his prayers and works of penance—failed to bring him any peace of mind. At last, one day, an old monk, who lived in the monastery, came to see him. They wept together, and as the old monk tried to make his young companion find a way of escape from his fears, he asked Martin to repeat with him the Apostles' Creed. When they came to the sentence "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," the young monk stopped.

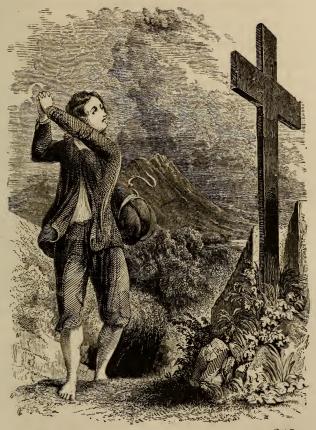
"'The forgiveness of sins!'" he said. "Is it really true that God will take away my sins for the asking of it?"

"Yes, oh yes, Brother Martin!" replied his old friend. "Do you not know what the Psalmist says, 'There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.'"

Nature, does not know any such thing as forgiveness. If we run into the fire, we are burned; if we fall from a window, we are killed; if we take poison, we die; if we 208

are capsized in the water, we are drowned. It often looks at sunset time, when all is peaceful, as if nature was very kind and loving. And so she is at times, only there is no forgiveness in the natural world. Whenever we break a law, we must suffer for it; but there is forgiveness with God, and therefore, we ought to fear to offend the loving heart of our Father in heaven.

We read in "Pilgrim's Progress," that after Christian left the Interpreter's House, he went along a highway, where there was a wall upon both sides. "Up this way therefore did the burdened Christian run; but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back. He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending, and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre;



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where it fell in. Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said with a merry heart, 'He hath given me rest.' Now, as he stood looking, behold three shining ones came to him, and saluted him, with, 'Peace be to thee.' So the first said to him, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee;' the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him with change of raiment; the third also set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a roll, with a seal upon it, which he bade him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the Celestial Gate. So they went their way. Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing!"

What a picture is this, my dear children, of the power of forgiveness. The load was gone, and it was all peace and joy with him who was once a poor sinner.

Remember, then, to-day, the two lessons of our subject-

Clear shining after rain is the law of nature. Clear shining after rain is the law of the soul.

Let me tell you a closing fable or parable of this truth; it shows us how even a little chirping cricket has a mission in this world, simply in helping people to remember our text, "Clear shining after rain," or that sunshine comes after storm, and forgiveness after sin.

I remember one time being in a house at the sea-shore, during a terrible storm at night. The wind howled and blew, the rain came in sheets, the thunder and lightning were incessant, and the house shook, as if it would surely come down in pieces. It was impossible to sleep, and it was terrible to look out on the ocean, beating and lashing itself upon the rocks, as one could see it between the flashes of lightning. At last I laid down again to wait for the morning light; and by and by, as the rain began to stop, I heard the little crickets sing-oh how they chirped and sang one to the other! It seemed as if they couldn't find notes of gladness enough, to express their joy. And then I knew, when I heard the crickets singing, in the dry nooks and corners of the house, that the storm was all over, that the light of the morning was coming, and that there was clear shining after rain; for the crickets tell us, when we hear their cheery little chirp, that it is going to be dry, clear weather; and thus they teach us that it is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait. Hearing the crickets sing, by which I knew that it was going to be clear shining after rain, reminded me that morning after the storm, of a fable I had once read, about the crickets, who waited to know of what use they were in the world, and I will close my sermon with this story.

You see the crickets did not know what they were to do in the world. Their cousins, the grasshoppers, teased them, because they did not hop about through the tall grass as they did. The spider was busy, the flies, the bees, the ants, were too busy to take any notice of the poor crickets, who didn't seem to have any mission in the world. Sometimes a set of house-crickets would meet, and talk the matter over. They looked at their long, folded-up legs, and could not but see how exactly they were like those of the grasshopper. And yet the idea of following the grasshopper into the cool grass, and jumping about all day, was odious to them. Once, indeed, a cricket of great self-sacrifice, offered to go and live with the grasshoppers, and try and be like them; but he sprained his knee-joints, and never was able to jump any more.

At last they asked an old philosophical mole, what he thought they were fit for. The mole said that he had been through all those same doubts and difficulties, but he went on grubbing away down in the earth, until he had built a regular palace for himself. The mole told them that they would find out some day, just what they were fit for, that no craving was in vain, and that if they felt like watching and waiting for the warm rays of the sun, the time would come when fires would be made, and

houses would be warmed, and the poor little crickets, who seemed to have nothing to do, would find their mission.

"Why," continued the mole, "there was the young bull in the fields. As soon as he could run about at all, he began driving his clumsy head against every thing he met. No one could tell why, but he fidgeted and butted about all day long, and many of his friends and acquaintances were very much offended by his manners. Some laughed at him, and the dogs worried him; but, lo and behold! one day, out came the secret: two fine horns grew out of the little bull's head. People soon understood the meaning of all this butting; and one of the saucy curs, who was playing the old barking game with him, got finely tossed for his pains. So, my dear little crickets, wait a bit; every thing fits in at the last, and you will find out your mission, one of these days."

It was a good thing for the crickets, that the mole happened to give them this good advice; for a mischievous monkey had told them, they had better all starve out their race, for they were of no use in the world.

In the meantime, the crickets travelled about; some stayed in the hot countries, some discovered a sort of cricket Elysium, at the mouth of volcanoes, where it was good and warm, and wherever fires were kindled by human hands, whether by wanderers in the depths of forests, or sojourners in tents, a great excitement was caused among those crickets, who were near enough to enjoy the warmth.

But at last the mystery was solved! The day of deliverance and joy came at the last, The first fire that ever warmed the hearth-stone that flagged the grand old chimney arch of ancient times, ended forever the mystery of the house crickets' wants and cravings: and when it commonly blazed every winter night in men's dwellings, all the doubts and woes of cricket life were over. How glad the crickets were when men's houses came to be built! What joy the

crickets felt! How loudly they chirped, and how high they sprang!

"We knew it would be so," they said.
"The good old mole was right, the grumbling beasts were wrong. Every thing is perfect now, and no one is so happy as we are."

And this is why the crickets come by troops into our houses, and live about our cheery fires. Boys—never kill a cricket! They are said to bring good luck with them, and so they do, as they sing and chirp, and tell the story of promises made good, and of a mission which they have in life; for they come as messengers of sunshine to our homes, as they tell us in their cheery tones the story of

"Clear Shining after Rain."



VIII.

Marong Defences.



WRONG DEFENCES.

"Take away her battlements, for they are not the Lord's."-JER. v. 10.

One day I was walking on the bluffs, at the sea-shore, and I came suddenly upon a curlew,—a bird that builds its nest upon the banks, close to the rocks or the sand, on the ocean's side. I was so near the bird, that I almost trampled on her; but she sprang up suddenly, uttered a piercing cry, and limped away, as if she had a broken leg or wing. I ran after her, to try and catch her, and after I had followed the fluttering bird, dragging her wing through the grass, quite a distance, suddenly she mounted up in the air, gave a triumphant chirp, and wheeled off in the far distance towards her home again. That curlew acted a lie, to keep me from finding her nest. She made believe she had a broken leg and wing, on purpose to deceive me and trick me. She ran limping along the ground, in order to make me think that I could easily catch her, and then, when she had drawn me off to a safe distance from her nest, she flew up in the air, and was off again as sound as any other bird.

Another time I remember walking through the woods, in the fall of the year, when I found a young woodchuck in my path. I ran up him, to catch him, when he tumbled over, closed his eyes, folded up his legs, and seemed to be as dead as if I had shot him. "Poor thing," I said to myself, "I have frightened him so that he has died." Then, after poking him in the ribs a while with my cane, I walked away, and when I looked back, there was Mr. Woodchuck making off for a stone wall, as fast as his little fat legs could carry him. Then I ran after him, and caught him in my handkerchief, and took him home, and we put him in a wooden cage, and played menagerie with him for a

few days, as a punishment for acting a lie, and making believe that he was dead, and then we let him go again.

Now God has put it into the nature of every living being, to do all that it can to save its life. The woodchuck acted a lie to save its life—and the curlew acted a lie to save its nest! But for us, who have higher light than the mere animal creation, and who are responsible to God for our actions, not only as living creatures, but as moral living creatures, with a law of right and wrong in our souls, we must obey God rather than man, or our merely natural instincts, and not be as the woodchucks and the curlews, who deceive to save themselves.

We must not deceive, in order to secure that which we may desire. We must not use wrong means for right ends. We must do good in good ways. Our text says we must not defend God's cause with wrong means: "Take away her battlements," says the prophet, "for they are not the Lord's."

I want to speak to you to-day about "wrong defences."

The prophet Jeremiah is speaking in these words of God's judgment upon the Jews for their faithlessness. He says, "Go ye up upon her walls and destroy; but make not a full end: take away her battlements; for they are not the Lord's."

The defences and the excuses the Israelites were making, were not true ones. The battlements behind which the Jews were defending themselves, were not right ones; they did not belong to God. Therefore, the prophet said these false defences, or wrong excuses, were to be taken away, in order that true ones might take their place. It is just like having a bad foundation to a house, or rotten planks in a bridge, or in a ship, to have false excuses or bad reasons for our conduct. God's words to us, when we place ourselves behind false defences, are these words of our text—"Take away her battlements, for they are not the Lord's."

I want, in this sermon, to speak about

three false battlements, behind which we may screen ourselves: three wrong defences which people often use, and which God would have us take away.

I.

The first of these wrong defences is, the saying that—"The end justifies the means."

There have been people who have said, that no matter what we do, if our motive is only right, our act itself will be right; or, in other words, that we may do evil, in order that good may come. Now, there could not possibly be a worse defence than this; it is a battlement which belongs to the devil himself, and not at all to God.

For instance, I remember a story about a Turk and a crusader. It seems the Turk and the crusader were struggling in the water, to get into a boat, which had been upset. Finally, the Christian got in, while the Turk held on to the side of the boat. The Turk begged the Christian to save him.

"All right," replied the crusader; "but first let me baptize you."

So the Turk consented to be baptized, whereupon the Christian threw him off the boat again, and said,

"Now, my friend, you can drown; for you never can be saved if you live, and become a Turk again;" and the poor Turk went under.

This is what is meant by doing evil that good may come. That crusader thought that the end, or the saving of that Turk's soul, justified the means, or the drowning of him. But all such defences as these are utterly false; they are not God's battlements. Think of that dreadful murder, which took place down on Cape Cod, a little while ago. A man killed his dear little daughter, on purpose to show, as he said, his faith that God would raise her from the dead. He thought that he might do evil, and break the sixth commandment, in order that good might come.

But the end we have in view, does not

justify the means we use, to bring it about. There could be no such thing as law or government, if every body thought they could do as they saw fit. Two wrongs can never make a right.

A little newsboy once, to sell his papers, told a lie about what was in them. The matter came up in the Sunday-school class to which he belonged.

"Would you tell a lie for three cents?" asked the teacher, of one of the boys.

"No, ma'am," answered Dick very decidedly.

"For a dollar, would you tell a lie?" asked the teacher.

"No, ma'am," said Dick.

"For a thousand dollars?" the teacher asked.

Dick was staggered. A thousand dollars looked so big—it would buy such lots of things! While he was thinking, another boy roared out,

"No, ma'am."

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because, when the thousand dollars was all gone," said the boy, "and all the things we have got with them are gone too, the lie is there all the same."

There was a great German thinker once, named Hegel, who wrote a wonderful work on philosophy. But that little boy in the Sunday-school class, when he said that the lie would stick, when all the other things were gone, said in a way which we all can understand, what the great philosopher has tried to say, in a way which only a very few learned people could begin to take in.

My dear children, the end does not justify the means; it is not right for us to do evil, in order that good may come. If we tell a lie, in order to get a thousand dollars, or ten thousand dollars, the lie will stick, when the money and the good things are all gone. People have thought, in days gone by, that it was right for them to persecute heretics, and force them to believe the truth, at the edge of the sword. Jesus told his disciples that persecution lay before them, be-

cause they believed in him. He said to them, "They shall put you out of the synagogues; yea the time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service." St. Paul himself, before his conversion, persecuted the Christians. He held the clothes of the Jews, while they stoned Stephen to death. He thought then, that it was right for him to murder a man, rather than let him teach what he considered error. But this doing evil that good may come, is a wrong battlement, which does not belong to God. The Jews persecuted the Christians in the days of the apostles; and the orthodox persecuted the heretics in the early Church; and the Romanists persecuted the Protestants, at the time of the Reformation—as the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day in Paris, and other such dreadful events testify; and the Church of England persecuted the Puritans; and the Presbyterians and Independents persecuted the Episcopalians and Quakers; and the very Puritans themselves, who came over to New England because they had been so cruelly treated in England, and were not allowed to worship God according to their own liberty of conscience—banished Roger Williams and Mrs. Hutchinson to Rhode Island, where they founded the present city of Providence.

All these persecutors—no matter what their creed—were hiding behind false defences, when they laid their hands upon their brother men for whom Jesus Christ died; for even though the so-called wrong views may have passed away, there the sin of persecution sticks, like the lie that remains, when the money it bought, has been spent.

When Napoleon Bonaparte was fighting in Egypt, he had a great many soldiers down sick with the plague. He felt that he must move on; he could not stay to nurse his sick troops; he saw that they were going to die, and so, it is said, he mixed poison in their food, and they died, and were buried, and Napoleon conquered. If this story is true, it shows us what a terrible excuse, this first

battlement is, behind which people plant themselves—that we may do evil in order that good may come, or, in other words, that the end justifies the means.

I knew a boy once who had a pet monkey. His cousin was a sea-captain, and used to bring this boy monkeys and parrots and guinea-pigs from Africa and the East Indies. Every time his cousin's ship came in, there was some new animal or curiosity for Herbert. One time, in mid-winter, this pet monkey took a violent cold, and was seized with a hacking cough. He wouldn't play any more, or be funny with the boys. He grew pale and pensive. So Herbert thought he had better get rid of his monkey, or else he would soon have a little green grave, in the back garden, under the grape-vine. Just then Barnum's menagerie came into the city, and Herbert thought of a very bright idea. He resolved to sell Jocko, to the man who had charge of the monkey department at the show. So he took him around to the menagerie, in a basket lined with flannel, and poor Jocko was sold for five dollars, and was tumbled into the cage, along with the other monkeys. Herbert went home with his five dollars, to the great admiration of the boys. He kept half of it, and put the other half in the missionary box.

The next Saturday afternoon, all the boys went around to the menagerie to see Jocko; but they could not find him. Either he was so mortified, at being put back into the company of monkeys, after being in the company of human beings, that he died; or else his consumption hurried him off. At any rate, Herbert was in two dollars and a half, and the missionary box was in to the same amount, and Mr. P. T. Barnum was out five dollars, and the monkey's funeral expenses. No doubt Herbert thought, that the end he had in view, viz., two dollars and a half in the missionary box, and two dollars and a half in his own pocket, justified the means he took to get rid of a monkey, whose constitution was shattered by consumption. But it is not right to do evil that good may come—even though it is the case of enriching a missionary box, and getting rid of a dying monkey, and cheating a Barnum.

God may put it into the nature of a curlew or a woodchuck to deceive us, for the sake of their lives; but God does not put it into our hearts, to deceive and cheat our fellow-men, in order to gain our own ends. He does just the opposite. He makes our face redden with shame, whenever we tell a lie. That is the writing of God's finger in our nature, speaking out for the truth.

Doing evil that good may come is a wrong defence; therefore God's words are—"Take away these battlements, for they are not the Lord's."

II.

The second wrong defence, of which I shall speak in this sermon is—being polite, rather than being true.

I remember an old story book, published a great many years ago, called "Thinks-I-to-

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myself." It was about a boy's reflections to himself, as he began to find out the world he lived in. At first he thought all people believed, what they said; then, after a while, he began to find out, that people were insincere, and did not mean what they said. One day some ladies came to call on his mother, and he tried to entertain them, until she appeared. "Oh what a lovely boy you have!" they said when his mother came into the room. "He is so noble-looking—and so polite. Really you must be proud of him."

Then as he was playing among the trees, as they passed out, he overheard them saying, "What a stupid boy that Roger is! Did you ever see such an awkward creature? He is as ugly as sin—and is the very image of his mother." Thereupon this boy would say, "Thinks-I-to-myself, it's a strange world we live in, when people can talk in this way." I have often thought of this boy, and his expression "Thinks-I-to-myself," when I have seen people hiding behind this false battlement; this wrong defence of be-

ing polite rather than being true. It is right for us to try to please, and try to make people happy; only we must not try to be polite and agreeable, over a handful of lies. It is a wrong defence to rest in, when we think that pleasant manners, will ever take the place of strong morals. Hood, the witty English poet, has written a piece, about being polite, at the expense of the truth, which he calls, "Truth in Parentheses, or Domestic Asides." These are the words—

"I really take it very kind,

This visit, Mrs. Skinner!

I have not seen you such an age—

(The wretch has come to dinner!)

"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls— What heads for painter's easels! Come here and kiss the infant, dears,— (And give it p'raps the measles!)

"Your charming boys, I see are home From Reverend Mr. Russel's; "Twas very kind to bring them both— (What boots for my new Brussels!)

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"What! little Clara left at home?
Well now I call that shabby:
I should have loved to kiss her so,—
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)

"Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You've come of course to spend the day!—
(Thank heaven, I hear the carriage!)

"What! must you go? next time I hope You'll give me longer measure; Nay—I shall see you down the stairs— (With most uncommon pleasure!)"

Politeness is a wrong defence, whenever we rest in at the expense of the truth. If we learn to be deceitful ourselves, and teach others to be deceitful, there is no knowing where the evil will end. It will eat into our honesty of character, as a soft and rotten place, eats into a beautiful piece of fruit. I have called on people, whom the servant at the door has told me were "out," when I have seen them myself, with my own eyes, in the drawing-room. Now, there is no getting round the fact, that such servants

are taught to lie, and deceive callers, for the sake of not disturbing the people in the house. It is one thing, for a person to say he is engaged, or can not see any one, if he is busy; we may have to do this at certain times, in order to get through the work that is expected of us; but to teach a servant to lie and deceive, is all wrong, and those people, who tell their servants to say they are out, when they are in, will find out, on the same principle of deception in the kitchen, that the flour, tea, and coffee are "out" to the cook, or pieces of jewelry or silver spoons, are "out" to the chambermaids and waiters. There is no true politeness in this inveterate lying; there are no true manners, in making other people break God's written commandment, which says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

A minister was calling, some time ago, at a lady's house, when the lady's little girl came into the room.

"Go and speak to the minister, Clara,"

said her mother. Clara remained silent; she stood by the chair, sucking her thumb.

"Clara," said her mother, "go and speak to the minister."

"I don't want to," replied the child.

"Clara, go and speak to the minister this instant!" said her mother. "Why, I am ashamed of you! Why don't you want to go and speak to him?"

Clara waited a moment, and then said, "Because I don't like his looks."

The minister laughed very much at the child's reply. The mother, however, was very much disconcerted, and was about to send the poor child to bed, for her impoliteness.

"No, no, my dear madam," said the minister. "Teach your little girl to be truthful first, and to be polite afterwards;" and he kissed the little child, and begged her off from being sent to bed.

Remember, my dear children, this second wrong defence I have spoken about—this battlement which does not belong to the

Lord. Remember that morals come first, and manners come afterwards.

III.

The third and last wrong defence of which I shall speak in this sermon is—the habit of being double-faced, instead of being honest.

A double-faced man is one who says one thing to a person's face, and another thing behind his back. There is an old Dutch proverb, which says, "He howls with the wolves when he is in the wood, and bleats with the sheep when he is in the field."

There was a certain priest in England, after the Reformation, who was known as the Vicar of Bray. First he was a Romanist and then a Protestant; afterwards he was a Romanist again, and a second time he became a Protestant. Some of his friends called him a turncoat. "Oh no," he replied, "I am not a turncoat. I have always stuck to my principle which is—to live and die the Vicar of Bray."

Now, a double-faced person like this, is

one who hides himself in a wrong defence. Hypocrisy is one of the battlements which do not belong to God. We must not hide in any refuge-place of lies, and think that we are safe, because we have protected ourselves by being false to our friends. And yet, my dear children, how very much of people's talk and gossip, is made at the expense of those who are their friends: before whom, they would never dare to talk in this way.

There was a certain cardinal once, who wanted to become pope. The other cardinals also wanted to be elected, but none of them could agree on any one candidate. At last, this cardinal, whose name was Montalto, counterfeited sickness, and acted as if he was a very infirm old man. The other cardinals thought he could not live long, so they elected him pope, and he became Pope Sixtus. But the moment he was elected, he threw away his crutches, and began to sing the Te Deum with a much stronger voice than his electors had bargained for; and, instead of walking in their presence

with a tottering step, he marched with a firm gait and perfectly upright. On some one commenting on this sudden change, he replied, "While I was looking for the keys of St. Peter, it was necessary to stoop; but having found them, the case is altered."

Dear children, don't be double-faced: don't say one thing to a person's face, and another thing behind his back. This is one of the worst faults of what is called Society, to-day. People who hide in this wrong defence of double-facedness, can not be trusted. They become false, insincere, and untrue. You know the fable about the fox and the crow. The fox praised the crow's singing, and begged her to let him hear her sweet music; so the foolish crow, pleased by the flattery of the sly fox, opened her beak to sing, and dropped the piece of cheese she had; while the fox ran off with it, and called her a fool for being flattered by his false praises.

Learn not to say unkind things about people—things that you would not dare to say to their face. Don't be flatterers to please people, and then say bad things about them when they can not hear you, and can not defend themselves. If you do hide behind this wrong defence, depend upon it, your friends will find you out, and will drop you. It was Judas who kissed his Master and then betrayed him.

"Take away her battlements, for they are not the Lord's." Remember this text to-day. God wants us to be true and honest and just in all our ways. Jesus himself, called Satan the father of lies, and we can not be the children of our Father in heaven, if we shield ourselves, behind Satan's battlements.

Remember these three wrong defences,— 1st. That the end justifies the means.

2d. That manners come before morals, or that we must be polite before we are true; and,

3d. That we can be double-faced, instead of being true to our friends.

Children, Do not fight behind Satan's battlements.

IX.
Motibes.
No. 1.



MOTIVES.

"Wherewithal!"-PSALM CXIX. 9.

HAT is it makes the old mill-wheel go? It is the water, which empties itself from the flume of the mill-race. What is it makes the windmill grind the corn? It is the wind beating against the flanges, or sails of the mill, up in the air. What is it makes the engine go? It is the force of steam. What is it makes the horse go? It is either oats or the whip. What is it makes us go? It is our motives. What are our motives? Our motives are the secret causes, which influence the will.

At the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, all the hundreds of wheels, and cogs, and machines, in Machinery Hall, were set in motion by the great Corliss' engine, which

swung out its big shaft, as playfully as an elephant swings out his trunk, at a menagerie, for apples and nuts, when the boys stand around and tease him. And yet, think of all the wheels and cogs, which that engine had to drive! Now, the power which started all those many machines, was the power of steam in the famous Corliss' engine. This power is called motive power. It is the power, which makes a thing go. The weights on a clock, are the motive power of the clock; they pull at the wheels, when the wheels are wound up, and make the clock go. The water in the tank, at the top of the public building, presses down upon the wheel of the elevator, and carries a load of people up to the top of the house. That water is the motive power of the elevator.

Some time ago, I was with a party going through the famous Cheney silk factory, in South Manchester, Connecticut. There we saw the wonderful Jacquard loom, invented by a French weaver in Lyons, for weaving figured silk goods. It is the most wonderful piece of machinery you can imagine, as it goes on making beautiful figured patterns in silk; and yet the motive power, which causes that loom to do its delicate work, is the same power of steam, which turns all the great wheels and rough shafts in the factory.

When I was out West in Iowa, and rode a missionary circuit there, with an old horse named Sam, who would not go, unless I stopped every little while to give him oats, I remember hearing of another like-minded horse, who would not go unless his owner built a fire under him. The fire made that horse trot; that was the last motive which reached his will and made him go.

Now, then, when we come to ourselves, what is the mainspring or the motive power of our lives?

This word of our text, "Wherewithal," has come to have the meaning of *money*, as the great motive power; so that people say they would do this or that, if they only had the 246

"wherewithal." Money will do a great many things in the world, but it never can be the motive power, or the wherewithal, of every thing, as the Corliss' engine was the wherewithal at the Centennial Exposition. Money can build railroads, and furnish fine houses; it can buy pictures and build steamboats; it can buy votes on election day, and can take people to Europe, and can buy for them allsorts of precious things there; but it is not the "wherewithal" of life. It will not do every thing for us. It will not bring back the dead to life; it will not give peace and comfort, to those who are in trouble from affliction, or from sin; it will not give a sick man health, or a sinning man salvation; it will not give a coarse and brutal nature, a love for that which is beautiful; it can not make a hateful person, loving and compassionate; it can not buy for a person taste, or refinement, or education. Money is power, and knowledge is power; but neither of these is the "wherewithal," which make us go in life.

I am going to speak to you to-day, about our motives, or the things in this life, which govern our wills, and make us act. There are certain things in life which turn our wills, just as the water in the mill-race, turns the old mossy-green mill-wheel. These are our motives. They are the things which "make us go." But before I begin to speak in the next sermon, about some of our common motives, we must find out, in this first sermon, the answer to these two questions,—

1st. What makes our motives?

2d. How do our motives make us?

I.

What makes our motives?

Let us see how our motives are made. How is the governor of a state, or the president of the United States, made? He is elected, you say. Yes; he is elected by a majority of votes, over the other candidates. First, the different candidates are nominated, and then they are talked about, and speeches

are made about them; and then, on election day, the people vote, and the candidate who receives the most votes, you know, is elected. And, my dear children, in the same way our wills are made or elected, by the majority of our thoughts and actions. Our different motives, are like different ballots all going into the same ballot-box; and the will or determination, which has the greatest number of votes, as it were, is elected, as the ruling motive. All sorts of things go to make up our motives, as all sorts of food go to make up our blood. It is a very difficult thing, to have pure and simple motives. Jesus said that the Pharisees prayed, and fasted, and gave alms, to be seen of men. The motive of their religion was pride. But the poor widow woman, who cast into the money-box all that she had, did her charity, not to be seen of men, but to be known only of God. Her motive was pure and true and good, and it made her character, true, and pure, and good.

There was a certain king who wanted to

build a cathedral; and, that the credit of it might be all his own, he forbade any from contributing to its erection, in the least degree. A tablet was placed in the side of the building, and on it his name was carved, as the builder. But that night he saw in a dream, an angel, who came down and erased his name, and the name of a poor widow appeared in its stead. This was three times repeated, when the enraged king summoned the woman before him, and demanded,

"What have you been doing? and why have you broken my commandment?"

The trembling woman replied, "I love the Lord, and longed to do something for his name, and for the building up of his church. I was forbidden to touch it in any way; so, in my poverty, I brought a wisp of hay for the horses that drew the stones."

And the king saw that he had labored for his own glory, but the widow for the glory of God.

Now the motive which was elected ruler in that king's mind, was a bad motive, and the

motive which ruled, or was elected by that poor woman's nature, was a pure and true one. The feelings and desires in the mind of the king, were like bad voters; the feelings and desires in the mind of the poor woman, were like good voters.

Just see how many things go to make up our motives, or our springs of action. A horse runs in a race, because of the feeling of pride in winning. A dog hunts for game in the woods, from an instinct in his nature, to catch birds and rabbits. The blue-fish snatches at the metal squid, because he thinks it is a little fish, and he is death on little fishes. The birds go South in the winter, because they know it will be cold at the North.

And then we come to man! What gives a man his motives? There are a great many, things in our nature, which go to make up our motives. First there are our natural wants,—hunger, thirst, need of clothing, and need of shelter. Then there are our artificial wants. We want our tea, and our coffee,

and our books, and our lights, and all our pretty things. Then there are our affections, our love, our need of friends and family, our gratitude, our hatred, our anger, our malice, our revenge-and all these qualities. Then there is our hope, and our fear, our imagination, our instincts, our different desires, such as our desire of knowledge; our desire of being loved and esteemed; the desire of our own approval; the desire of having things, of owning things, and getting more things. The littlest child, shows us a great many of these desires. I know children who take their broken dollies, and horses without any legs to them, to bed every night, for fear they may be stolen at night in some way. So, then, all these desires and instincts and wants, these appetites and affections, and many more, which I have not named, are like different voters, living in our minds, which go to elect a motive every time we act. It is so wonderful, that we do not take it in at all: and this is because the mind thinks so quickly. It is just like the printing-press, turning

over the leaves so quickly; it is like the shuttle, flying through the loom back and forth, so that you can hardly see it; it is like the valves in the steam chest of the locomotive, opening and shutting, and sending the piston backward and forward, with such rapidity, that we can not at all take it in. Yet every time we act, there is some motive, good or bad, right or wrong, which influences us, and turns the wheel of the will. For, to come back again to the illustration of the mill, our motives, or springs of action, turn the wheel of the will, just as the water in the mill-race, turns the mill-wheel. Our thought or judgment, is like the brake, which opens or shuts the water, and makes the wheel go or stop; and our reason, is like the man who opens or shuts the sluice-way brake, and starts or stops, all the machinery. Our reason is ourselves, and when we give way to our passions, it is like the saw-mill, spluttering and screeching, over some hard knot in the planks.

It is, then, all these different things in

our nature, which make up our motives. These different impulses are like the water in the mill pond, coming from many little springs and brooks, yet every drop, uniting with the other drops, to run through the flume, and turn the heavy wheel of the mill. These desires and instincts and feelings, bad and good, holy and sinful, are like the bad and good voters on an election day, going up to the polls, to elect their candidate. All these desires and impulses of our nature,—these springs of human action, as they are called,—go to make up our motives.

II.

Now, secondly, How do our motives make us? I answer,—they make us, or determine our characters, by certain qualities which we call goodness and evil. We do not stop to think about these things, but they are nevertheless true. We are made good or bad by our motives, and not only by our

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deeds; for the Bible tells us, that while "man looketh on the outward appearance, the Lord looketh at the heart."

Here are two farmers ploughing up their land in the fall-time, to get it ready for an early spring. One says to himself, "Now, I will put plenty of bone-dust, or ground fish, or manure upon my soil. I will enrich it, and make it good for my next spring's sowing." The other man says, "It makes very little difference about this soil. I will empty my ash barrels all through these furrows, and in this way I will get rid of my ash heaps." It is not hard to tell which of those farmers would have a good crop, and which would have a bad one. Any one could prophesy about their future success, simply by looking at their fields. In the one, the bone-dust would enrich the soil; in the other, the ashes would ruin the ground. In each case, something that was not there before, made the soil good or bad, by being placed there.

Or here is a professor, making some ex-

periments in chemistry, before a class. He has before him several glass jars of colorless water. He holds in his hand a glass tube, which has some plain-looking water in it, just as colorless as that in the jars before him. Now he holds his tube over the water jars. He lets a drop or two fall in the first jar, and a beautiful rich blue cloud is formed. He lets fall a few drops in the second jar, and some wonderful yellow crystals are seen. He drops again a little of the liquid in the third jar, and some crimson spars, or flakes, like those of snow, appear. It seems, at first sight, as if he was playing that he was a magician or juggler. But that professor is not tricking the boys; he is only explaining some of the wonderful things we find in chemistry. In each one of those glass jars, which seemed to contain only plain water, there was some chemical element-something very powerful, though unseen—which, when the other drops touched it, made the blue, the yellow, and the red crystals appear.

Very well, my dear children, just in the way in which the bone-dust and the ashes make good and bad soil; just in the way in which the different glass jars made blue, yellow, and red crystals, or precipitates, as they are called,—do our motives make us good or bad. Our motives enrich or debase our characters; our motives make us pure, noble, and true, or mean, selfish, and hateful; just as the drops from the test tube make the water in the glass jars blue, yellow, and red.

We have seen before, that a great many things go to form our motives. I said it was like an election, where there were a great many voters; but when our motives are settled and formed in our nature, then these motives make us what we are.

If we want to be sure of this, let us go into a court, where two men are being tried for killing their fellow-men. There sits the judge, behind the desk, with his fellow judges by his side; in front of him is the clerk; below the clerk are the lawyers, who

manage the case; on one side are the twelve jurymen, and there in the dock are the two murderers. John Jones is to be tried for killing a man. He was out on the swamp, hiding behind a blind, shooting snipe, when a deaf man, not hearing his gun, walked through the tall grass, and was accidentally shot. The motive of the man who fired the gun was to shoot snipe, not to shoot the deaf man. He might have been careless, but he is not a criminal; he had no motive of hate or revenge in his heart, when he shot the deaf man instead of the snipe. So he pays a fine, and is set free. But it is very different with the other prisoner, Jonas Trott. He has hated a man who owed him money, for a long time. At last he went one night to his house, armed with a seven-barrelled revolver. He summoned the man out, who owed him the money, called him a rascal, and swore at him; demanded his money, and when he had no money to give, dragged him to the barn, and shot him there. He had a very bad motive for killing the man. It was very wrong for him to go to his debtor's house, armed with a loaded revolver. It was not only his shooting the man, which made him a murderer, it was the motive he had in killing him, which brings him in from the jury the verdict of premeditated murder, and sentences him to be hung. So, you see, it is our motives after all which make our characters. They are the "wherewithal" by which we are made and judged.

An old Methodist minister was preaching before a conference of his fellow ministers. He described the last great day of account, the Judgment Day, when every one would be judged, not only by his deeds, but by his motives. He represented the Judge asking, "What did you preach for?"

"I preached, Lord," said one, "that I might keep a good living that was left merby my father; which, if I had not entered the ministry, would have been wholly lost to me and my family."

Christ addresses him, "Stand by; thou hast thy reward."

The question is put to another, "And what did you preach for?"

"Lord, I was applauded as a learned man; and I preached to keep up the reputation of an excellent orator, and an ingenious preacher."

The answer of Christ to him also is, "Stand by; thou hast thy reward."

The Judge puts the question to a third, "And what did you preach for?"

"Lord," saith he, "I neither aimed at the great things of this world, though I was thankful for the conveniences of life which thou gavest me; nor did I preach that I might gain the character of a wit, or of a man of parts, or of a fine scholar; but I preached in compassion to souls, and to please and honor thee; my design, Lord, in preaching, was that I might win souls to thy blessed Majesty."

The Judge called out, "Room, men! room, angels! let this man come and sit with me on my throne; he has owned and honored me on earth, and I will own and honor him,

through all the ages of eternity." It was the pure motive, which made the man a saint.

Many years ago, in Switzerland, there was a poor goatherd, who lived over on the Wengern Alp. His name was Andreas, and his boy's name was Fritz. During one very long and severe winter, when for nearly a month their little châlet was buried under the snow, the wife of Andreas died. All they had to live on, during this terrible winter, was the milk from the goats, and their one cow, and the black beans they had stored away. The poor father and son, dug the grave for the dead wife and mother, under the turf of the châlet; for the ground outside was frozen too hard, and the mountainside was blocked by avalanches, and it was impossible for them to get down to the little towns of Grindel-wald or Meyringen. At last, when the spring came, Andreas was compelled to borrow some money from one of his neighbors to pay for the rent of his Swiss cottage.

Grimli, the neighbor, was a very avaricious

man, and it troubled him greatly, that Andreas could not pay the forty francs which he had borrowed.

One day, when little Fritz came home with a pile of faggots upon his shoulder, he asked his father what Neighbor Grimli meant by driving their cow into his pen.

"Alas, my child," exclaimed the distressed cottager, "he has seized Gretchen for my debt, and we can never have the dear old cow again; for where can I get forty francs to pay Grimli, that which I owe him?"

Here poor Andreas, overcome by his losses, and his sense of poverty, sat down by his dead wife's empty chair, and gave way to a torrent of tears.

"Do not cry, dear father," said Fritz. "I am a big boy now, and I can help you. I will get you the forty francs, see if I do not."

"Ah, my son," replied his father, "you are my only comfort left, and you mean well, I know; but how could you ever get forty francs?"

"You will see," said Fritz.

The next morning, bright and early, Fritz seized his alpenstock, and the rope such as the guides used with travellers, and started forth for Meyringen. He went at once to the English hotel, and inquired if a Mr. McDonald, a Scotchman, was there. He had been with him before, as a guide to the Faulhorn.

"Send the lad up," was the Scotchman's reply; so Fritz ascended the stairs to the Scotchman's apartment.

"Well, my lad," said Mr. McDonald, "what luck have you now? What do you want with me?"

"I have come to tell you," replied Fritz, "that I know a place where I can get you a vulture's brood: you wanted one the other day, you remember."

"Good for you, lad! brave boy! And how much do you want for your job?"

"Forty francs," replied Fritz.

"Nonsense, child! Get out with you! I hate such avariciousness on the part of one

so young. You are a grasping cur, to be sure!"

Hereupon Fritz told the Scotchman the danger of the expedition, and how rarely any one ventured to go so far off the regular track, for the sake of finding a vulture's brood; but that as he had heard Mr. McDonald express his desire for one, and knew a certain place, over a great chasm, where he had seen the vultures flying, he was ready and willing to take his life in his hand, for forty francs, that he might help his poor father buy back the lost cow.

When Mr. McDonald found out the *motive* of the boy,—that it was devotion to his father, and not selfishness for greed,—he flung Fritz, two gold sovereigns, which were a little more than forty francs, and told him to let the vultures alone, and take the money back to his father.

Happy Fritz! How he waited for his father to come home that night, and wondered what detained him so long. Andreas could not take it in. Forty francs—and the cow

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redeemed! How could it be? The answer was simple enough,—the "wherewithal" for the cow came from the "wherewithal" of that true, pure boy's nature. The will made the way: the motive brought the reward.

Remember, then, my dear children, these two lessons of our sermon to-day,—

1st. It is our ruling habits which make up our motives; and

2d. It is our motives which give character and meaning to our actions, and make them good or bad.

The great "wherewithal" in life, the thing which makes us go, is our motives. Let us learn, then, to be very careful as to which motives we let rule us: for "as a man thinketh, so is he."

X.

Motibes.

No. 2.



MOTIVES.

"Wherewithal."-PSALM CXIX. 9.

UR subject to-day is our motives. In the last sermon we tried to find out the answer to these two questions,—What make our motives? and, How do our motives make us?

The motives we have, rule our will, just as the weights move the clock, or the steam drives the engine, or the water in the mill-race, turns the wheel of the mill. Sometimes our motives are very weak, and have great difficulty in making us go. What boy does not know how hard it is to go back to school, in the warm days of September, after coming home from the mountains, or the sea-shore! Every thing is warm and languid; the grass-

hoppers buzz in the grass, and the crickets chirp away, and all the noises and sounds of the field or the road, are heard so plainly in the school-room, that the mind stays anywhere, but on the book or the desk. Sometimes our motives are very strong, and run away with us, like a horse with his rider, or a freshet in the spring-time, breaking down bridges and mill dams.

There were some boys once, playing at an old saw-mill, who thought it would be great fun to make the old thing "go" at full speed. So, when the men had gone off to dinner, these boys opened the flood gates, and let a full head of water on. The old wheel flew round; the saws whizzed up and down; the speed of the machinery increased the friction, and was on the point of setting the mill on fire, when the workmen returned. The boys, not being able to stop the water when once it had been let on, had disappeared. There was too much motive power for that mill; it almost burnt it up.

I remember having a cuckoo clock, which

kept good time, but got the hours wrong. My cuckoo bird would come out of his box. and at twelve o'clock would lazily drone out. cuck—o—o! cuck——o—o! cu—ck——o—o! three times, and there he would stop. It used to make me feel tired just to hear him try to sing. I used to feel like saying, "Oh, never mind! If you are not able to say cuckoo twelve times, don't try to do it," At last I took a small flat-iron, and tied it on the chain which ran the striking machinery. The next day, at twelve o'clock, he had got through his twelve "cuckoos," in the time which it had taken him before, to strike three o'clock. He had more "wherewithal" than before; the flat-iron added to his motive power, and he was now as fierce as a fighting-cock.

I want to speak to-day about four great motives which make people go. They are like the water in the mill-race; or like the flatiron on the striking weight of the cuckoo clock. These motives are,—

PLEASURE,
PROFIT,
Power,
Purity.

I.

First of all comes the motive of *Pleasure*. This is one of the strongest motives in the world. People like above every thing else, to have a good time, just as boys will go anywhere or do any thing for the sake of "fun."

Now pleasure is all right for us, if we know how to use it—if we can drive it, instead of having it run away with us. Why do we smile when we meet people that we like? Why do we laugh? Why do we like to hear funny stories and witty things? It is because God has so formed us, that we must have amusements and pleasures, as well as duties and work; for the saying is true, that "all work, and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." It is only when we let pleasure

become the ruling motive of our life that it becomes dangerous and unnatural—as dangerous as the saw-mill with the full head of water let on, and as unnatural as the quick answering cuckoo clock, with the flat-iron tied to its striking weight. And yet this motive of pleasure has ruled empires and nations and kingdoms.

In the days of Imperial Rome, gladiators fought each other in the arena, slaves toiled in the fields, and servants risked their lives in the chase, or in conflict with wild beasts, simply to find out some new pleasure or enjoyment, for the emperor and the lords and senators.

The Persian ruler, Xerxes, the same who invaded Greece, once said to one of his satraps, or counsellors, "Who can invent for me a new pleasure?"

And when the terrible French Revolution broke out in France, while the poor infuriated peasants were dying of starvation, and were made paupers by the taxation of the land, the court and the nobles were feasting at the palace at Versailles, and the ladies were playing, with Queen Marie Antoinette in the gardens of the Petite Trianon, that they were shepherdesses, dressed up with flowers and ribbons, like the pictures of little Bo-Peep.

Pleasure is the great motive of all those who do not believe in God, or in the hereafter. St. Paul was right, when he said, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, "If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not? let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die." St. Paul was here using the argument of the Epicureans, as they were called, a set of people who believed that death was the ending of every thing, and that the only thing to do in this world was to get all the pleasure there was in it, and have a good time. The great motive of these Epicureans was pleasure. "Let us eat and drink," they said, "for to-morrow we die." And St. Paul's argument, to reach this very class, was, that they were right if, this world was all. Where would be the use of all his selfdenial, and his labors, if they were all lost when he died? Why should he contend with evil agencies, as men fought with the beasts in the Coliseum, if death ended every thing? It is pleasure, then, or the desire to eat and drink and have a good time, which is one of the strongest motives in the world. Our nature gives way to this motive, just as the turf gives way to a ploughshare, or the snow on the track to the revolving broom. We like so very much to have plenty of enjoyment, that after a while the love of pleasure becomes in our hearts the ruling motive there.

In the town of Hamelin, in Germany, according to an old fable, which the poet Browning has made into a poem, the people were greatly troubled with rats. This was in the year 1284. The people were worried by night and by day. The cook in the kitchen, the baby in the cradle, and the worshippers at church, were all disturbed by them. At last a piper, dressed in a suit of many colors, came to the town, and pro-

posed to rid it of the vermin, for a certain sum of money. The people gladly accepted his terms. Thereupon the piper began to play, and the rats began to come forth from their holes and dens, and to follow the piper. He led them to the river Weser, into which they all plunged and were drowned; the piper then returned to the town, and asked for his pay; but the townsfolk, being no longer in fear of the rats, refused payment and justified their refusal, by accusing the rat-charmer of sorcery. In order to have his revenge, the Pied Piper, as he was called, reappeared, on a beautiful June day, in the streets of Hamelin Town. He put the magic pipe to his lips, and in a short time all the little boys and girls in the town came skipping out to meet him. He led them forth, a merry procession of laughing and dancing children, to the Koppelberg, a mountain outside the town. There was a cavern in one side. and the strange procession passed in, and was seen no more. Two only, one blind and the other dumb, were left: one to point out the

place where the children disappeared, and the other to tell the sad story. Thus perished one hundred and twenty children, as they followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin Town.

This is only a fable; but in the same way, my dear children, men and women run after pleasure, until they are lured to their own destruction, as the children followed the magical piper. Some men follow drink, until they become brutes, and their bodies break down, and can stand it no longer. Some take to gambling, for the sake of the excitement, and the money they make. And women follow the charmed piper of pleasure, too, and are led on to the cavern, where they are never heard from again. Vanity, flattery, living beyond their means, love of admiration, love of finery, love of excitement,—these are some of the pleasures which become the ruling motives of many a once pure and innocent girl's life.

The great poet Goethe has written a wonderful drama, called "Faust," which has been

put to music, by the distinguished composer Gounod. Faust was an old white-haired philosopher, who was tired of knowledge and learning, and wanted to have the pleasures of his youth again. So Mephistopheles, or the devil, appears, and makes a bargain with Faust, that if he will sell his soul to him, so that he may possess him in the other world, Mephistopheles will let him have all the pleasure he wants, in this world. So the bargain is sealed, and Faust is changed into a young student; and, after running through all the sins of his lifetime, is seized by the devil, and is carried off to hell, the victim of his spent pleasures. These were the words of the devil when he signed the compact with Faust,

"I'll to thy service here agree to bind me,
To run and never rest at call of thee:
When over yonder thou shalt find me,
Then thou shalt do as much for me."

And Faust replied,

"I care not much what's over yonder,
When thou hast knocked this world asunder.

Come if it will the other may, Let me but end this fit of dreaming, Then come what will I've naught to say."

Now, nothing could better explain to us, this passion of pleasure in the heart, this strong motive of pleasing our own selves, than this story of Faust and Mephistopheles. He sold his soul to the devil, for all eternity, for the sake of a little pleasure in this world. And there are hundreds of people to-day, who are doing this very same thing. They are like Esau, who, because he was hungry, for one morsel of food sold his birthright. Lord Chesterfield, who was one of the gayest and most pleasure-seeking of the English nobility, said before he died, "I have run the rounds of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world; I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which move their gaudy machines; and I have also seen and smelled the tallow candles, which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience. When I reflect on all that I have seen, I look upon all that is past as one of those romantic dreams which come from opium, and I do not desire to repeat the nauseous dose."

People who give way to pleasure, step by step, until it masters them at every point, are just like intoxicated persons, who do not know that they are drunk. They are like those poor moths and beetles which fly into the house from the garden, on summer nights, when the lamps are lighted, and throw themselves upon the hot chimney until they are burned; they are like the sea birds in a storm, which see the glare of the lighthouse lamp, and dash themselves against the strong, hard panes, and die.

II.

Profit is another strong motive.

People say, continually, "What is the use?" This is their ruling motive, or impulse. They want to know if a thing will

pay. Does it pay, they ask, to support a church? Does it pay to send out missionaries to the heathen? Does it pay to be good? This was just what the devil said of Job—"Doth Job serve God for naught?" He hinted that Job was a worshipper of God, because he found on the whole, that it paid to be good. But God swept all Job's possessions away; he deluged the poor man with trouble and affliction of every kind; and then, when he had nothing left him, Job still said of God, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," and God justified Job at the last, and vindicated him, before his friends and the world.

When Demosthenes, the great Grecian Orator, was denouncing the tyranny of Philip, king of Macedon, Philip asked him if he was not afraid of losing his head by such kind of talk.

"Not in the least," replied the patriot; "for if I do lose it, the Athenians will bestow an immortal one upon me."

This was very much like St. Paul's words,

"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. . . . Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." These men did not have to ask themselves the question, what is the use of being brave? But Judas Iscariot said, "What is the use of following Jesus?" Benedict Arnold asked himself, "Does it pay to be a patriot when others are promoted, and I serve on alone, unnoticed?" So money, or the motive of profit and gain, influenced their wills, and turned them to sin.

There was a certain missionary out West, who was trying to build a church. He tried to induce the different farmers and store-keepers, to subscribe towards this new enterprise. Among those who put down their names on the subscription list, was a miserly old farmer, from whom the young missionary never expected a cent. A day or two afterwards, the minister met the farmer.

"Good morning, my friend," he remarked, as the farmer's wagon stopped on the roadside. "I am very glad to find your name down for a hundred dollars for our church. I hardly expected such a generous gift from you!"

"Wal," said the old farmer, "I was kinder surprised me own self, to be sure; but I said to myself, a real pooty church on that there field, will double the value of my corner lots."

It was his own profit, which was the ruling motive of that avaricious farmer's subscription. It was not love for the church, or any desire to do good to others. And, my dear children, we need continually to look at our own motives, and find out which are pure and true ones, and which are bad, unworthy ones. We need to have our souls regulated from time to time, just as we take our clocks and watches to the watchmaker's, to have them set right, according to the standard time. We go too fast or we go too slow. We may think we are doing God's service, when all the while we are only pleasing ourselves, or doing something which will get us good in return.

It is very true that honesty is the best

policy, but then we ought to be honest, from a higher motive than that of being rewarded for it. We may work and read and study and play for our own profit; but when we come to serve God, or do good to our fellowmen, we must not be influenced by the value this conduct will bring, to our "corner lots."

III.

A third motive is *Power*. Men and women love power! One man loves to feel that he can sign a handsome check, and get that, which other men are powerless to obtain. Another man takes pride in saying to those about him, "Do this," and it is done. Politicians love power. A successful candidate at an election, takes great joy in the thought of his multitude of votes, and the sound of the band of music coming up the street to serenade him, and the shoutings and hurrahs of the people, make him feel very happy in the sense of power, which the people have committed to him. The one great motive of

Napoleon's life was power. He put away his loving wife, Josephine, he sacrificed his friends, he soaked Europe with blood, destroyed the youth of France, and kept the nations busy in trying to put him down, all for the sake of his own personal power. It was not pleasure or profit which influenced him, it was only an inordinate love of power. When Napoleon gained the famous battle of Austerlitz, which placed the Austrian emperor at his feet, it was the climax of his military greatness. It is said that the news of this battle caused the death of the great English statesman, William Pitt; for then it was that he first felt the loss of his own power, as it became transferred to the rising emperor of the French.

This sense of power is a very strong and blunting feeling. When one has obtained power, he cares very little for the weak. Take, for example, a bull in a pasture. How apt we are to tease the sheep, and worry the calves, and throw stones at them, to make them run; but when we come near the bull,

with his short neck and horns, and see the fire in his eye, and hear him bellow, and watch him paw the ground—we don't throw sticks at him, we let him alone. He has so much power, that we learn to respect him. And there are certain men whom we are apt to respect, simply because they are so powerful. Some men are powerful in their wills and characters; other men are powerful by their influence. A word from them will be worth hundreds of dollars; they seem to have what they want, just as Aladdin had what he wanted when he rubbed his magical lamp. One man is powerful because he has office; another is powerful because he has position. One man is cashier of a bank: another man is president of a railroad company; a third is in congress. They each have power in their own way. And men who are after favors want to know them, to get at their power. Power is like the clock's weight, running over the wheels within-it makes the clock go. Look what power Moses had, when he came down from the mountain and met Aaron face to face, and rebuked him for his idolatry and sin, before all the people. Think of Elijah's power, when he confronted Ahab and the priests of Baal, and stood alone before that vast multitude, as a living witness to the truth of God!

Some time ago, there was a great run on one of the saving's banks, in Newark, New Jersey. Poor people, with their books in their hands, formed a line, which extended for blocks. They were all besieging the place, to get their money out before the bank broke. Some of the poor Irishwomen were crying, and the men were cursing and swearing at the bank officers. There was a great deal of excitement in the bank. They sent for the police, to quiet the people, for it looked as if there would be a row in the street. But the policemen were powerless; they could do nothing towards quieting the mob. At last, the bank directors thought of a certain priest, and they sent for him. Presently he came. He found out that there was a panic, and that if the people took

their money out all would be ruined. So he walked up and down the long line, telling the people that their money was perfectly safe, and that the best thing for them to do, was to go home with their books, and leave their money alone. Presently one or two women, who believed in their good and faithful priest, stepped out of the line and walked off; then others followed their example; the men stopped swearing, and began to laugh, and smoke their pipes; and by six o'clock at night, there was not one person left at the door of the bank. Now what a wonderful thing such power as this is. The people had faith in their priest, and he had power over them.

This desire for power over men, is one of the strongest motives in the world. It lays hold of those who are ambitious and eager, and it turns them, just as the walking-beam of a steamboat, turns the paddle-wheels; just as the wheel in the wheelhouse turns the course of the ship; just as the wind on the slanting sails, turns the millstones in the wind-mill, and grinds the hard, yellow corn into soft flour.

IV.

The last motive of which I shall speak to-day is *Purity*. Our text, you will remember, is only one word; the whole verse reads, "Wherewithal, shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word." This means, What motive or what means, shall a young man take, to keep himself free from sin? And the answer is, not the motive of pleasure, or of profit, or of power; but the motive of purity—the desire to keep his soul pure and clean, by following the word of God.

Here in Boston, at twelve o'clock every day, from the observatory at Cambridge, the true time is struck by electricity over the wires, which sound the bells in the different churches. This is the official declaration of the true time, the right hour of the day. Then, when twelve o'clock is struck, if we want to have the true time with our watches, we must set them by this standard, and must make them correspond to the signal from Cambridge. And just in the same way, if we want our hearts to be pure and true, we must rule them or set them by the signal of God's word. His law must be ours; we must rule our lives, or take heed to our time, by setting our souls according to God's will, revealed to us in the Bible. Jesus said, in the Sermon upon the Mount, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." We can not see out of windows that are soiled and dirty. We can not look through a spy-glass or a telescope, if the glass is blurred and darkened, by smoke or fog or soot. And we can not see God, or do his will, if our souls are darkened with sin and impurity.

When the first missionaries at Madagascar had converted some of the islanders there, a Christian sea-captain asked a former chief, what it was which first led him to become a Christian. "Was it any particular sermon you heard, or book which you read?" asked the captain.

"No, my friend," replied the chief, "it was no book or sermon. One man, he a wicked thief; another man, he drunk all day long; Big Chief, he beat his wife and children. Now, thief, he no steal; drunken Tom, he sober; Big Chief, he very kind to his family. Every heathen man get something inside him, which make him different; so I become a Christian, too, to know how it feel to have something strong inside of me, to keep me from being bad."

Now that old chief had got the right idea of Christianity. He had got something new and strong inside of him, which made him go. He had got a new motive; his "Wherewithal" was the desire to be true and pure. This was making him go, just as the water made the mill-wheel go, or the extra weight made the cuckoo clock strike.

At one of the ragged schools in Ireland, a minister asked the poor children before him, "What is holiness?" Thereupon a poor lit-

tle Irish boy, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up, and said, "Please your reverence, it's to be *clean inside*." Could any answer be truer?

Here is my watch. It is a beautiful Louis XIV. watch; and I value it, because my dear little friends in Brookline, at the first Sunday school I ever had, gave it to me. It was made to go well, and it ought to go well. But the first year, it went slow, and finally stopped. I took it to the watchmaker's to know what was the matter. He put on that mysterious eye-glass, which the watchmakers have, and screwed up his face until it looked like a squeezed lemon; then he said, "No wonder it won't go; the glass crystal is too loose; and all the dust in your vest pocket gets into the works, and clogs them." A loose crystal let the dirt in. It was just like a leak in a ship at sea.

Well, my dear children, a great many of us have loose coverings to our souls. The dust and dirt get into our works, and we go slowly, and finally stop. There are openings in our characters, through which sin and temptation get into our hearts, and stop the works there. If we want truly to serve God, we must stop the cracks and the openings in our hearts. It is only purity, trueness, right-eousness, which can cleanse our souls, and make them keep time with God's word, which, like the sun,—the central standard of all true time,—is "settled forever in heaven."

Now remember these lessons,—

PLEASURE,

PROFIT,

Power,

PURITY.

These are four great motives; four "Where-withals" which make men and women go.

Jesus said, in his last prayer for his disciples, "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." This is just the answer of our text. How shall we live? Wherewithal shall we be kept pure? What shall be the motive power of our lives? It must be God's word ruling us, or covering our souls. This

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will be like the tight crystal, keeping out the dust and sin. This will be the "one thing needful." Our souls will be kept clean, and we will "go" by taking heed according to God's word!

XI.

Memory.



MEMORY.

"The cock crew . . . and Peter remembered."

St. Matthew xxvi. 74, 75.

of the mind. We have many wonderful power of the mind. We have many wonderful things in our nature. The Psalmist says, in one place, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." It is wonderful how we can walk and breathe. The human hand is the most delicately constructed instrument, that ever was devised to do work. The eye and the ear are remarkably formed. All our five senses,—hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, touching,—are like telegraph wires which send despatches to the central office, the brain. The memory is like an enormous file, on which bill receipts are stuck, and kept for reference. Every thing we hear

and see and learn, goes on file. Things are frequently forgotten for a little while, but nothing is ever lost in the mind. There are certain times in life, when the mind is aroused, in which every thing that has been once remembered, comes back again to the mind.

Our sermon to-day is about memory. I am going to speak about three of its powers, or faculties.

I.

First of all in memory, is, the power of grouping things. Writers, who use big words, call this, "the law of association." But the other word will do for us. We all know, how in our memory, one idea or word leads up to another and suggests it.

I remember a man who used to like to tell a funny story about a thunder-storm. He would try and get people to talk about the weather, so as to bring in this story. At last, when he could not bring this about, he would say, "I shouldn't wonder if we would have thunder soon;" then he would add, "Talking about thunder reminds me of a story,"-and then, out the old thunder-storm story would come. Animals have this power of associating facts, or grouping them, in their instincts. I knew a horse which had to go up a certain rough hill, where there were loose stones. One time a little stone got in her hoof, and made her lame. She stopped, and looked round at me, as much as to say, "Please get out and help me." So I got out of the carriage, looked her all over, found the stone, took it out, and gave her an apple. And ever afterwards, when I would come to that same place on the hill, Dolly would stop, and look round at me, and make believe she had a stone in her hoof, on purpose to have another petting and another apple.

There was a dog once, named Faust, that I used to play with. He would run for his master's slippers, when he came in the house, would carry the newspaper, home from the

post-office, and do all sorts of tricks. One time, when we were playing in the woods, Faust chased a rabbit into a hole, in an old tree. He barked at that hole all the rest of the afternoon, and whenever we went past that knothole, for years afterwards, Faust would begin to bark for the old rabbit, which he once chased into that spot. The tree always reminded him of the rabbit, and as soon as he saw the place, he associated it in his doggy mind, with the rabbit, which he believed was still in there.

Now these words of our text to-day, give us a story about memory, or the power of association. Our Lord told his impulsive disciple, Simon Peter, that in the excitement of the trial, and the seizure which awaited him, Peter would not only forsake him, but would also deny him. He told him that before the cock should crow twice, on the coming morning, he would deny Jesus three separate times. Simon Peter said this could never be; that though all men should forsake Jesus,





he would stand by him to the last. But Judas came with the armed soldiers, the disciples forsook Jesus, and Simon Peter was frightened, and forgot all his brave speeches. He followed his Lord at a distance, first to the hall of the high priest, and then to the judgment hall of Pilate. In a few hours he had swung off entirely from his Master, and looked on at the trial, just as if he were a stranger to Jesus. One of the servant girls in the doorway, told the soldiers, that Peter was one of Jesus' disciples. Peter denied this. Then another person said he was a disciple; for he was a Gallilean, and his speech betrayed him, because it showed that he came from the North Country, where Jesus had lived. Then Peter swore, and denied it again. After this, some one else in the hall, said that Peter was a follower of the man who was going to be crucified; and Peter denied it again. Just then a cock crew, out in some barnyard near the house, for it was between two and three o'clock in the morning, and Jesus caught the eye

of Peter afar off in the crowd. Then it all flashed upon Peter's mind what he had done. We read that, "The cock crew . . . and Peter remembered the word of Jesus, which said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And," we read, "he went out, and wept bitterly."

It was this crowing of the cock which reminded Simon Peter of his fall! How little that cock, as he saw the first gray streaks of the morning light, thought of the way in which his shrill crowing, was a link between Jesus the Saviour, and Peter the sinner and the denier. Yet his voice in the early morning, reaching into the hall of the Jewish high priest, recalled all the past to Peter, and caused him to rush out, and weep bitterly.

Now this power of the memory in associating things, or in grouping them together, is very wonderful. I don't suppose Simon Peter, ever heard a cock crowing after that, without thinking of his denial of Jesus. The cock crowing, was indelibly fastened upon his

memory, in connection with his denial of his Master.

It is very wonderful how old, well-known sounds, will bring up old, familiar faces. If you are alone in a strange land, and can not understand the language of the people, and hear a dog bark in the night, or hear the cocks crowing early in the morning, it sounds very natural, and carries you back to the old days at home. It actually keeps one from being lonely, to hear these familiar sounds. It seems so much like old times! And you know that old song, which says,—

"Oft in the stilly night,

Ere slumber's chains have bound me,

Fond memory brings the light

Of other days around me;

The hopes and fears,

Of childhood's years,

The words of love then spoken."

We can remember texts of the Bible, and verses of hymns, in this way, and when we hear them, they do not come to us separately, but they group with them, by this law of association, as it is called, the forms and faces of other days.

II.

The second thing that is so wonderful in memory is, its power of retaining things.

When we are young, our memory is very retentive. Things which we learn and read and hear then, will be remembered long after other things are forgotten. In our childhood days, our memory is like the instantaneous impression which is made on a photographic plate, by an out-of-doors picture. In our older days, our memory is like the impression made on the plate, by a picture taken in the afternoon, and taken in-doors; it takes a very long time then for the plate to receive any impression at all. Think how quickly we learn at school, the rules of Latin grammar; we know right off, the names of those prepositions which govern the accusative, and those which govern the ablative. We learn our speeches for

school quickly. We learn our texts, and hymns for Sunday school, in a very short time.

When we are little, we can learn, very quickly, French or German or Music. Our minds have the power of retaining things, which we learn then, in a way we do not have afterwards. Our minds are like the young twigs of a tree, or the twists of candy, which are bent and formed before they become hardened. If we try to bend them afterwards, we will only break them. You know there is an old proverb which says, "Strike while the iron is hot." A blacksmith can not form a horse shoe, when it is cold and hard; it must be soft and hot; then when he hammers it, on the anvil, he can form it into shape, and can drive the necessary holes into it. It will retain the impressions of the nails and the hammer, simply because it is soft and red-hot.

And our minds in our childhood days, are like the red-hot iron on the anvil. The memory retains impressions then, better than at any other time afterwards: kind words remain in the mind which were spoken then; bad words and naughty stories, which we hear from other boys and girls, will remain, long after the things we hear in later days, are forgotten. Oh, how bad words stick! It seems as if we can never outgrow the remembrance of them. There are certain associations, which it seems as if we never can forget. It is dreadful not to be able to forget bad things; it is dreadful to think that we can not lose sight of the things, which we have done that are wrong. It is this wonderful power of the memory, in retaining things, which proves to us that we are to live hereafter, in another world, and are immortal; for we go through many lives in the course of this world, and yet we retain our identity.

I don't suppose that Simon Peter, if he were to come back to earth to day, and were to hear a cock crow in the early morning, would ever forget, what that sound meant to him. "The cock crew. . . and Pe-

ter remembered." The memory is an immortal thing, even here in this life, in its power of retaining things.

III.

The third wonderful thing in memory is, its power of recalling things. How frequently we try to think of a thing, or of a person's name, which we have forgotten, and it will not come to us, until some other object, recalls the forgotten name. We think of the place, or the house, where we first met the person, and when we think of the side object, it very often happens, that this will bring to our mind the name we are wanting.

A hymn and a tune always go together; the one suggests the other. A place and a song are always united. The place where we heard any thing, that made an impression upon us, will be sure to bring up to the mind, the thing itself. In this way, one thing is linked with another.

The Greek word for conversation means a

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leader, or general; because, just as a general leads his soldiers to battle, or on a march, so one word or thought leads the mind to another one, or recalls the next idea. Another wonderful thing about the mind is, the power of the will over it. We can go to sleep at night, if we train our mind to it, and can wake up, at the hour we willed to wake up, in the morning, if we let the thought of the waking hour, be the last thought we had before going to sleep. And in this way, we have a picture of what it must be to die, and then rise again from our bed of death and the grave, just as we wake up in the morning.

It is said, that when people are drowning, every thing that they have said or done, comes before their mind, as in a vision. Nothing is ever lost or forgotten, and all the events of their life come before them.

I remember a boy in school, who was taken out of the river in an unconscious state, after he had gone under the water. He told me afterwards, that every thing he had ever done, came right before his mind, just as a flash of lightning in the dark, shows for a moment, every thing around us.

Now, this is very strange: and it may be, my dear children, that what is meant in the Bible, by the books being opened at the Day of Judgment, is simply, that our own memory will reveal to us, all that we have done in our past lives, as the flash of lightning in the dark, shows us our way on the road.

Therefore we ought to try and store our minds, now, with good words and thoughts, so that the remembrance of our deeds, will not condemn us, when we stand in the presence of God, the Judge of all.

- 1st. Power of grouping things.
- 2d. Power of retaining things.
- 3d. Power of recalling things.

These are the three wonderful gifts, with which the memory enriches us.

Even a little thing in this life, may last in the mind, as long as the mind endures; even

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a little word or deed, may never be forgotten, in this world or in the world to come.

Poor Simon Peter! I wonder if he could ever forget that early morning in the high priest's hall, when, "The cock crew . . . and Peter remembered"—that he had denied his Master!

XII.

Running Zway.



RUNNING AWAY.

"Arise, go to Nineveh . . . But Jonah found a ship going to Tarshish: so he paid the fare thereof, and went down . . . to Tarshish from the presence of the Lord."—Jonah i. 2, 3.

boy's life, when he thinks that it would be a fine thing to run away. Perhaps things go wrong at home, or he is punished at school, or he is blamed for being late at meals, or the family threaten to send him to boarding-school, if he is not a better boy, or reports come home from the principal of the school, that he will soon have to be dropped, if he does not study more. Then the boy feels that they do not understand him at home. They keep saying, "Don't do this," or, "Don't do that," all the time. They won't let him do any thing. They won't let

him make any thing, in the back yard, and so he thinks he will run away from home. The circus boys on the little ponies, don't have to be bothered about their lessons all the time. The poor barefoot boys from the marsh, in the village, go fishing every afternoon. They go up the brooks in the springtime, and get all the first trout; or they know the places on the dock, in which to throw their lines for those fish, whose home is in the green slime, under the bottoms of the vessels.

And then, too, when the boy, who feels he is ill-treated at home, reads about "Robinson Crusoe," or the "Swiss Family Robinson," or the adventures of such explorers, as Vasco Da Gama or Magellan, or wanders along the wharves, and sees the ships unloading their cargoes, and hears the sailors singing, and the windlasses creaking, and smells the tar on the ropes, it all seems too much for him, and he feels that he must run away from home.

But my advice to-day, to all boys who

feel like running away from home, is simply this—

DON'T!

And I'll tell you why I say don't.

First, Because if you run away from some old trouble, you will find a new trouble, hiding behind the corner of the future for you.

Secondly, Because if you run away from your duties of to-day, you will find new duties awaiting you to-morrow; and,

Thirdly, Because if you run away from those who love and sympathize with you now, you may never find any others to care for you again.

Some time ago, in walking through the woods, I came across a young robin, running before me on the ground. He could not fly, and I soon caught him. He tried to bite my hand, but there was no use in this, and after a while he gave it up as useless. Then I heard a great racket and noise in a nest overhead. His father and mother were flying about at a great rate, and were

making a terrible ado. I put him back again, among his brothers and sisters, and then his father and mother came and gave him a great talking to, as I walked away. That little fellow had run away from home, and was glad enough to get back; he had thought the nest was too small for him, and so he had tried his wings, out in the world, and had fallen to the ground, and had come to grief.

Now, boys, that is a picture of what happens to us, when we try to run away from our duties at home; only we are not all safely landed back in the nest again, as my wilful, pecking little robin was.

I want to speak to you to-day about "Running away," and I have taken our text from the story of Jonah.

I remember, when I was a little boy, in the infant school of old St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, learning an alphabet card with these words on it,—

[&]quot;I, is for Isaac, that dutiful son;

J, is for Jonah: who from duty did run!"

Now it is about Jonah, and the trouble he got into by running away from his duty, that I want to speak to you to-day.

This is the story. About the year 862 B. C., God sent a message into the mind of his servant, the prophet Jonah, telling him to go and cry out against the wickedness of Nineveh, and tell the people of their sins. Nineveh was the largest city in the world at that time, and it was the most wicked and corrupt place on the face of the earth. It was a city full of ignorant people, poor slaves, and toilers of the land. We read in the prophecy of Jonah, that there were sixscore thousand persons who were not able to discern between their right hand and their left hand; that is,—there were one hundred and twenty thousand persons so ignorant that they could not tell their right hand from their left hand. No doubt many of this number were little children, and babies, who could not talk. However this may be, it was a very long journey for Jonah to take alone; he would have to go over desert plains, far to the east, 316

and would have to cross the rivers Orontes, Euphrates, and Chebar, until he came to the great city of Nineveh, on the river Tigris. Jonah was frightened at the thought of going alone to face the Ninevites, and tell them all, from the king on his throne, down to the most ignorant slave in the field, that in forty days their great city would be overthrown. So, as he could not stand up to his duty, Jonah thought that the best thing under the circumstances was to disappear, and be "missing." No doubt his friends and relatives said, in the little town of Gath-hepher, where he lived, "What has become of Jonah?" "Where has the prophet gone?" "I wonder what he is about now?"

But, all this time, Jonah was trying to run away from God, and from his duty, and from the trouble, which this long journey away off to Nineveh involved. I wonder if Jonah had ever heard, or read, those words of the 139th Psalm,—or, if he had read them, I wonder if he had forgotten them,—"Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee

from thy presence? . . . If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." However this may be, Jonah, instead of facing about, and marching right off to Nineveh, as St. Paul would have done, tried to run away from this duty, which God called him to do. He hurried off to Joppa, where, I have no doubt, when he was a boy, he had watched the vessels sail out of port, into the Mediterranean Sea, and come laden into the harbor from foreign countries. There he found a ship, just starting off, and as it made no difference where he sailed to. he paid his fare, and hurried on board, and sailed to Tarshish. This Tarshish may have been Tartessus far off in Spain, on the Guadalquiver River, or it may have been Tarsus in 318

Cilicia, in Asia Minor, the place where St. Paul was brought up as a boy. But, whichever place it was, Jonah had a very stormy voyage, and found that he only plunged himself into greater trouble than he was in before, when he tried to run away from God.

We all know the rest of the story,—how he was thrown overboard, and was punished, by being held in the cavernous insides of some great fish, and had to go, after all, to Nineveh, and tell the people they must repent. But he was a quick-tempered, angry, petulant, man, and was actually disappointed, because the people of Nineveh repented, and thus deprived him of the excitement of seeing the city overthrown, as he sat under his booth on the hillside, and watched for his prophecy to come true. He acted just like some big boy, who wants to see a house burn down at a fire, and is sorry that the fire department is so prompt, that they have put the fire out before he got there to see it. He behaved like the boy I spoke about in opening, who thinks that

he is badly treated at home, and therefore makes up his mind to run away.

I want to speak to-day of three kinds of running away.

I.

First of all, there is the running away from trouble.

We must all of us have trouble in this world. We can not get away from this fact. We might as well try to run away from our shadows, as to run away from trouble. Job says, "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." It is all right for us to run away from the troubles which we make for ourselves, but not from those troubles which God sends for us to bear. We can not expect God to give us his power, to help us bear the troubles we make for ourselves; but we have a right to ask him to give us his strength, to bear the burdens, he sees fit to lay upon us. It is the meaning of trial, to make us get nearer to God.

I have often watched, on the sea-shore in September, the men who fire at coot and black ducks, from the boats in the water. A long string of ducks will come along the water's edge, curling in and out, bunching up together, and then lengthening out like the long pennant on a man-of-war. Suddenly a gun will be fired; some of the ducks will fall, and the others will mount right up in the sky; another gun will be fired, and the birds will mount up still higher. It is the trouble in their midst, which drives them up, far above the world and its gunshots. And so it ought to be with us; our troubles ought to drive us up higher, nearer to God, than we were before.

There was an old monk once, who could not get on with his brother monks, in the monastery. They were quarrelling and fighting all the time. At last he resolved to leave them, since he was so often betrayed into anger and other sins. He made up his mind that he would retire into the desert, and live in a cell there, away from his fellow-

men. He hoped that in this solitude, he could serve God with an easier mind than before. One day, soon after he entered his new cell, he upset his pitcher, and spilt all the milk; then he bumped his head against the rock, and cut his foot with a piece of the broken crockery; this made him so angry, that he deliberately threw down his water jug, and dashed it to pieces. Then he began to curse and swear, and was met by his former abbot, who had come into his retreat at that very moment, to see how he was getting on in his new quarters.

"Ah, Brother Dominic," said the abbot, "who has been troubling you now?"

"The same old wretch" replied the monk, "who troubled me in the monastery. His name is—Dominic."

After that, he went back again to his companions, and found that if he would really run away from his troubles, he must first of all run away from himself.

Jonah ran away, because he was afraid to do God's will. It was the trouble in his path which frightened him. He thought if he could only get away from duty, he could get away from trouble; but trouble followed him, just as a man's shadow follows him, no matter how fast he may run!

When John Chrysostom, the eloquent bishop of Constantinople, was driven out into banishment by the cruel empress, Eudoxia, who was angered by his boldness of speech in rebuking her for her sins, some of his friends asked him, if he was not afraid to incur the Imperial hatred.

"Will she banish me?" said Chrysostom.
"Then I say to myself 'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.' Will she take away my goods? Then I can say, 'Naked came I into this world, and naked must I return.' Will she stone me? I remembered Stephen! Will she behead me? Then I bethought me of John the Baptist!"

This was very brave. God does not want us to run away, from the trouble he sends upon us. He wants us to stand up to it, and bear it. Jonah found that the sea was worse, after all, than the journey to Nineveh, and that he did not get away from trouble, because he got away from duty.

II.

The second kind of running away is, the running away from duty.

When Christian and Hopeful, in "Pilgrim's Progress," fell into the hands of Giant Despair, in Doubting Castle, it was because they left the highway, on the journey to the Celestial City, and entered By-path Meadow, which led them into trouble. And when we run away from duty, we generally get into trouble. There is always some avenging whale, which swims after us, when we go to the Tarshish of our own wills, rather than go where God tells us to go, even if it be to Nineveh.

A planter once asked a colored slave, if he thought he ought to do whatever God told him.

"Yes, massah," said the slave. "Whatever

de good Lord tell me to do, dat I'm gwine to do."

"Well, Jim," said the planter, "but suppose you should find in the Bible, that God wanted you to jump through a stone wall, what would you do then?"

"I'd jump, massah," replied Jim.

"What! jump into a stone wall, and break your head?" asked the planter.

"Yes, massah," answered Jim, "I'd jump; for you see, jumpin' at de wall, dat belongs to me; but gettin' me troo de wall, dat's de Lord's part ob de bargain."

Now it is a great thing not to run away from one's post of duty. A soldier who runs away in battle, is a deserter, and deserves to be shot.

On board the steamer Owasco, at the battle of Galveston, there was an old man-ofwar's-man, who wanted to set an example to the new marines, who were frightened, when the shot and shell began to fly. First he had two fingers shot off and was ordered below; but he tied a handkerchief about them, and soon was on deck again. Half an hour afterwards he was shot through the shoulder, and was ordered below a second time, but replied, "No, sir; I'll stay on deck, as long as there is any fighting to be done." And then at the roll-call, after the battle, he stood at his post, ready for duty, and was very much displeased, when he was told that he must report to the hospital! Now this was the very spirit of St. Paul. He was not afraid of any perils, by land or by water. But if Jonah had been told to do, what St. Paul was called to do, he would have run away a second time.

In the ancient story of the Trojan War, when the Greek leaders were uniting their forces, to conquer Troy, they sent a messenger, named Palamedes, to Ithaca, to invite Ulysses to join in the expedition. Ulysses did not want to go; so when he saw the messenger coming, he began to plough the sand, and to sow it with salt, on purpose to make them think, that he was out of his mind.

It is very wonderful, how this spirit of wanting to run away, takes hold of people at times, when they stand face to face with some unpleasant duty. People become like balky horses, or horses that will not put the bits in their mouth: they will do any thing, or run to any place, rather than do the unpleasant duty.

A lazy, miserable man, named Mike, in a certain village, was always begging for work, but always shirked it when it came, and got off with the money. One day a friend came to see him. Mike was the picture of woe.

"What's the matter, mon?" asked his friend. "Ha'e ye got the fever at home?"

"Worse than that," said Mike.

"Ha'e ye got the rheumatics?"

"Nay, mon," said Mike, "it's worse nor that."

"Hey, mon!" said his friend, "what ha'e ye got?"

"I've got a job of work," groaned Mike in a harsh whisper.

"Arise, go to Nineveh. . . . But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish." This is the picture, my dear children, of the way we run away from duty. In other words, we are too often like Mike, and love to shirk our duties.

III.

The third kind of running away, of which I shall speak in this sermon, is the running away from sympathy.

We ought never to run away, from those persons who need us. I have known boys to steal out of the back gate, when they thought that they were wanted to run errands, or when their little brothers and sisters were looking for them, to play with.

I remember some boys who used to go out and fly their kites on an open common, every Saturday afternoon. The little brother of these boys, always wanted to go with them, but the big boys did not care to be bothered with him; so they would say,—

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"Now, Dickie, go and ask your mother if you can go."

And then Dickie would hurry upstairs, to find out if he could go. Whereupon the big brother would say,—

"Now, fellows, run! Run, while Dickie is upstairs!"

And, in very much this same way, Jonah seems never once to have thought how much he was needed at Nineveh, or how much good he could do there. There were all those poor, ignorant people living in wickedness, and God had called him to do them good; and yet all he seemed to think of, was how he could run away from these people, as the boys ran off, and left poor little Dickie in the lurch.

When the great duke of Marlborough was storming the city of Mons, the duke of Argyle, joined an attacking corps, just as it was on the point of shrinking from the contest. Pushing among them, open breasted, he exclaimed, "See me, my men! I have no concealed armor; I am equally exposed with

you. I require nobody to go where I shall refuse to venture." This spirit animated the flagging soldiers; the assault was made a second time, and the work was carried.

Now, my dear children, God does not want any of us, men or women, or boys or girls, to run away from those who need us. We must be kind, and tender-hearted, and sympathizing to those who are about us, if we really want to do them any good. St. Paul has told us to bear one another's burdens, and thus to fulfil the law of Christ.

There was once a poor old blind soldier, in the streets of Vienna, trying to make a little money by playing on a violin. His little dog led him by a string, but nobody thought of the blind beggar, as the crowd pressed on.

At last a stranger, passing by, looked at the poor blind man, and said, "Let me have your violin." He took it, placed it to his shoulder, and began to play a beautiful air upon the instrument. Presently a crowd gathered on the spot; the stranger went on playing; a hat was passed around, and a large collection of silver coins was made for the blind soldier. It was Armand Boucher, the famous violin player, who had taken an hour of his valuable time to make a poor old soldier happy, with this generous donation from the crowd.

How much we can do, for those who need our help, if, instead of hurrying away from scenes of misery and trouble, we stop a few moments, to try and help the afflicted! How true are those words of the hymn,—

"To comfort, and to bless,

To find a balm for woe,

To tend the lone and fatherless,

Is angels' work below!"

My dear children, do not run away, when God calls you to do any thing for him! If the Lord has need of you, try and serve him.

1st. Do not run away from trouble.

2d. Do not run away from duty.

3d. Do not run away from sympathy.

For, if you do, you will have a hard time of it, as Jonah had, when God said, "Arise, go to Nineveh," and when, instead of doing this, he "rose up to flee unto Tarshish, from the presence of the Lord."



XIII. Influence.



INFLUENCE.

"And one went in, and told his lord, saying, Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel." II KINGS v. 4.

OYS and girls have a great influence in the world, though perhaps they do not know it.

When Themistocles was ruling Athens, he took his little boy by his hand, and, lifting him up on his shoulders, said to his councillors, "This boy is the real ruler of Greece." The councillors asked Themistocles how this was. He replied, "Athens rules Greece; I rule Athens; my wife rules me, and this boy rules his mother."

Our influence over one another is very great. The pilot in the wheelhouse, turns the wheel a little to the right or left, and the vessel immediately changes her course. The 336

little boy on the horse, pulls the reins to one side, and the great big animal, obeys the little fellow's will. The moon in the heavens, sends down her unseen attraction, to the waters of the ocean, and the water tries to mount up to the moon, and this it is which gives us our tides on the sea-shore. The world is full of examples of influence, or the way one person or thing affects another. But we do not stop to realize how it is, that our words and actions, when we are young, influence those about us. The prophet Isaiah, when he was describing the millennium, said that the lion would eat straw like an ox, and that a little child should lead them. How very much we learn from each other when we are young! You children go to school, and pick up all sorts of new words, and sayings, and habits, from the children you play with. You do as the other boys and girls do; you imitate the big boys and girls; you use their words, and play "follow the leader" with them all the time. One or two big boys and girls in a school, will set the fashion, to all the little children there. If they come with the latest kind of satchel, or a new-fashioned strap, or tin lunch-box, or patent slate-pencil, or crayon-holder, then all the other boys and girls will want the same things. And you know, my dear children, how many things, you are continually learning, not only from your parents and teachers, but from one another; things which you never forget!

Our sermon to-day is about a little girl's influence. It is the story of what a poor little captive child could do.

This is the story. About the year 894 B. c., when there were continual border wars between the kings of Syria, and Israel, there was a general of the king of Syria, named Naaman. He was a great captain, and was very much esteemed, but he was a leper, and was shut out from going with other people, and had to keep to himself. In one of these border raids, the Syrians had taken some captives from the Israelites, and among these, was a little maid, who became a servant, or

waiting woman upon the wife of Naaman. We do not know her name or age, or any thing about her, more than this. I suppose she used to attend upon the wife of Naaman, and help to dress her, and arrange her hair. Somehow, people always become talkative and confidential, when they are having their heads dressed and combed. It is very pleasant to sit in a barber's chair, and have him shampoo one's head; it makes us feel kindhearted and good-natured. All animals like to be rubbed, and fussed over. A cat will come up, and rub herself against your feet, to be patted and stroked, and a dog will stand by the hour, to be scratched with a cane. It's always a time when we feel like talking, and ladies who have much back hair to do up, become very communicative at such times. So, I suppose, in some such way as this, this little maid, instead of groaning and sighing over herself, and her hard lot in being a captive, away from her father and mother, said, "Oh, how I wish that Captain Naaman, or General Naaman (or whatever

they called him), would try our prophet in Samaria: he would soon cure him of his leprosy." I suppose Naaman's wife, had been talking with this little maid, about all the medicines and ointments of the Syrian doctors, and how much her husband had to pay for them all. People never like to pay money for medicine, or to doctors, when they get no good results from them. Naaman's wife may have been talking in this way about her husband. And then the little Israelitish girl, told her about their prophet, just as we talk about "our doctor."

Somebody heard her talking in this way, and went in and said to him, "Well, Naaman, why don't you try the Israelitish prophet, after all? He does perform the most wonderful cures, ever heard of in the world. His name is Elisha. Why don't you go to him? He couldn't do you any harm; never mind if he is an Israelite, try him."

Now the Syrians hated the Israelites, about as much as the Russians of to-day, hate and abominate the Turks. It was a hard pill to have to swallow, this going as a beggar, to the door of the prophet of the people, whom he hated so much. But, as he thought it all over, he made up his mind, he might as well try any thing, that had the chance of hope in it. So he went with his soldiers, and chariots, and his gifts, all the way to the door of the prophet's house, in the kingdom of Israel.

We all know the rest of the story: how angry he was at first, and how at last he consented to go down in the river Jordan, and be washed seven times, and was cleansed of his dreadful disease. But, after all, it was this little Israelitish girl, who waited on Naaman's wife, who first suggested the prophet Elisha, and said to her mistress, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy."

Our sermon to day is about influence, or what a child can do.

There are two kinds of influence in the world.

I.

First, there is conscious influence.

I mean by this, the kind of influence we feel and know we have. A boy's mother says to him, "Now, Robbie, you are going to the children's party, at the Christmas-tree, at your Aunt Hannah's. Be a good boy; don't eat too much candy; don't be rough with the little girls; and don't keep your hands in your pockets." That boy goes off to the Christmas-tree, feeling conscious that he has got some duties to perform. He is conscious of what is expected of him, and if he minds his mother's words to him, his example will be a good one, and he will know that he has been a good boy.

Look at the sun in the heavens on a morning in June! The world is flooded with light, and every thing in the forests, and on the ocean, seems to answer back to the sun, to tell him that they know that he is shining. The sun seems to be conscious of his power, and the flowers and plants seem to be con-

scious that they are growing, and we can almost *feel* the life, that is in the growing world, move. And, so it is at times with our influence. We can feel it!

When Lord Peterborough, the English courtier, lodged for awhile with Fenelon, the pious French Bishop of Cambray, he was so delighted, with the beauty and loveliness of the Christian spirit in his home, that he exclaimed, "Carry me off! for if I stay here any longer, I shall soon be a Christian, in spite of myself."

When a minister preaches, or a Christian does good to his fellow-men in any way, this influence is a conscious one. They are trying to accomplish something definite, in the way of doing good, and they know what they are striving for. Our Saviour said, at one time, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me!" He meant by this, that he knew his power over men, and felt that his love would be able to draw the world to him. And, in this way, many people know and feel their power and influence, over other men.

The prophet Elisha must have known his power; King Solomon knew his power; and Daniel must have felt very strong, when the lions walked around him in the den, and came up to him to be patted, while the king and the nobles looked on and wondered what it all meant.

When Henry III. was king of France, he inquired why it was, that the duke of Guise appeared to charm every body, and he himself did not. Every one was in love with the duke, but no one seemed to care any thing for the king; and this made the king very jealous. At last one of his courtiers said to the king, "Please your majesty, I will explain this to you. You see, the duke of Guise has power, and he knows it; and the more he realizes it, the more he exerts it. He endeavors to do kind things to all people, without exception, either directly by himself, or indirectly by his recommendation. He is civil, courteous, liberal; has always something good to say of every body, and never speaks ill of any. And this is the reason

why he rules men's hearts, while your majesty only rules the affairs of the kingdom."

Now it is a great stimulus to us, to know our power, when we use it rightly.

In the early days of the French Revolution, the school boys of Bourges formed themselves into a military company, which they called the Band of Hope. When their flag was unfurled, it displayed, in shining letters, the sentence—

TREMBLE

TYRANTS!

We Shall Grow Up!

The boys in that French school, meant to tell the nation, in those dreadful days of revolution, that, though they were only boys then, there would be a time when the nation should feel their power. That flag in the French school, waved this lesson of conscious influence.

II.

The other kind of influence is, unconscious influence. I doubt, if this little girl in Naman's family, knew how much good she was doing, when she told her mistress about the wonderful cures of Elisha. I do not think she realized her influence. Sometimes the best work done, is that which is unthought of, at the time. Bishop Heber wrote his beautiful hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," in a few minutes, for a missionary meeting which was to be held, that day, in a friend's parish. And Lord Byron wrote his wonderful poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon," when he was detained at Vevey, on

the lake of Geneva, by a rain storm, and had nothing to do, and no books to read. And it very often happens, that what we do unconsciously, is done the best. The sun shines on the earth and on the moon; but when we have the beautiful moonbeams, silvering every thing with their soft and gentle light, it is after all only unconscious sunlight. The sun has set, and is afar off, and doesn't seem to know, that it gives the moon all this borrowed light, making every thing more beautiful by it.

A mother sent her little girl, to have her photograph taken. When the picture came home, the little girl's eyes were staring out of her head, her hands were as large as a man's, and the whole thing was as stiff as a ramrod. The little girl was trying to look pretty, and the effort could be plainly seen in the picture; but all the prettiness was gone. A little while afterwards, the photographer asked her to sit down, and read a wonderful fairy story, he had. So the child sat down, and was photographed, before she

knew it, and the unconscious photograph, was a great deal better than the conscious one.

Now none of us can tell, just how it is, or when it is, that we are influencing others the most. Our words, our deeds, our very attitudes and tones, have an influence upon others, which we do not measure ourselves. This is the secret power of advertising, in business. People see certain things advertised in the papers, on fences, along the roadside, on the rocks, and by walking men on the streets, and at last they become unconsciously influenced, and they buy the "Sozodont," or the "Rising Sun Stove Polish," or the "Centaur Liniment." The will gives way, under this pressure of advertising, and, unconsciously, the buyer is influenced, by all this printed praise. We see this unconscious influence around us, continually.

On one occasion, the great engineer, George Stephenson, the man who invented the locomotive, was with Sir Robert Peel and some other friends, watching a railway train flashing along, and throwing behind it a long line of white steam.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Stephenson, "tell me, what is the power that is driving that train?"

"I suppose it is one of your big engines," remarked one of the party.

"Yes," said the inventor. "But what drives the engine?"

"Oh," replied another, "some sturdy fireman!"

"Nay, gentlemen" said Mr. Stephenson; "it is nothing less than the light of the sun. It is light bottled up in the earth, for tens of thousands of years; light absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon, during the process of their growth; and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages, in fields of coal, that same latent light, is again brought forth and liberated, and made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes."

Think of this unconscious influence, of the

rays of the sun, hidden in the coal beds, and then brought to light, and put to work, in the red-hot furnace of the steam-engine.

So then the lesson of our story to-day is this: we all have our influence; "even a child is known by his doings." We are all influencing those about us, consciously or unconsciously, for good or for evil. Don't think, dear children, that you can do no good in the world, because you are not grown-up men and women. It was, after all, the little captive maid, who sent Naaman, the leper, to the prophet's house, where he was healed.

THE END.





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